In This Issue

VOLUME 153 September 25, 1929 NUMBER 4

Looking Forward 123

Frontispiece: The Steerage . . 124
A Photograph by ALFRED STIEGLITZ

Articles

Those Inferior Foreigners . . 125
By JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Over There 130
A Hospital Unit on the Western Front
By FREDERICK A. POTTLE

No More Swords and Roses . 136
By BERT ROLLER

Carry Nation Wets . . . 146
By EDNA YOST

Financial Article 148
Britain's Gold and Her Discount Rate
By CARLTON A. SHIVELY

U. S. A. vs. U. S. E.? . . . 150
By T. R. YBARRA

The Trend of Events

Anglo-American Accord . . 138

Paying Us a Call 138

Mr. Shearer 138

Down Gastonia Way . . . 139

Remarkable Remarks . . . 139

Status of C P U S A . . . 139

Showman 140

U. S. E. 140

Scenario from Monaco . . . 140

Water Power 141

Signals 141

Two Left-Overs 142

Professor Rogers Again . . 142

Theatrical Publicity . . . 142

Working One's Way . . . 143

New Third Party 143

In Brief 143

Back Stage in Washington . . 144

Editorial

Exploring the Air 145
By CHARLES G. ABBOT

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books 151
Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS
Reviews by THE EDITOR AND MARY SHIRLEY

Religion's Voice 154
As Heard in Recent Books
By EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

The Theatre 155
By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

The Movies 156
By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks . . 157
By WALTER R. BROOKS

From the Life 158
By IBBY HALL

With Our Readers 122

EDITORS

FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY
MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS
JOHN T. HACKETT
HENRY F. PRINGLE
PARKHURST WHITNEY

ASSOCIATES

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT
WALTER R. BROOKS
HELEN CHANDLER
HAROLD T. PULSIFER
FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

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Looking Forward

WE ARE GLAD TO announce that, following his study of William Tilden and Helen Wills—which will appear in the next issue of The Outlook and Independent—John R. Tunis will contribute regularly to this journal on the subject of sports in general, the world over; and in particular, American amateur sports.

TONS OF NONSENSE literally are written on this subject in our daily press. Commercialized sport, particularly baseball, has been found as profitable by the newspapers for purposes of circulation as by the owners of professional baseball club stock for the purposes of dividends. In the general scramble very little of the old Anglo-Saxon spirit of sport has survived, specifically where boxing and baseball are concerned. In golf, football and tennis, however—to say nothing of polo and basketball—the amateur spirit, despite competitive pressure of the severest sort, is making its fight for liberty.

WE HAVE NO FIGURES before us, but we can remember distinctly in golf the days when the horse-drawn trap met the street car at the end of the line to drive the small band of golfers to their struggle with the old hard ball. Today, in that city, there are half a dozen clubs also magnificent public links; where one man played, one hundred do now.

JOHN R. TUNIS is one of the very few men writing today who goes beneath the surface on this subject; and whose views therefore, while they may be disputed in details, are worth reading by intelligent people. Indeed a glance at the American scene is sufficient to show that while there may be some doubt about the increase in culture, there is no doubt about our increasing devotion to sport. An intelligent view of its proper place in our scheme of things seems in order therefore in our paper. Mr. Tunis has contributed much to the monthly magazines like *Harpers,* wrote formerly for the *New Yorker,* and at present is on the staff of the *New York Evening Post.*

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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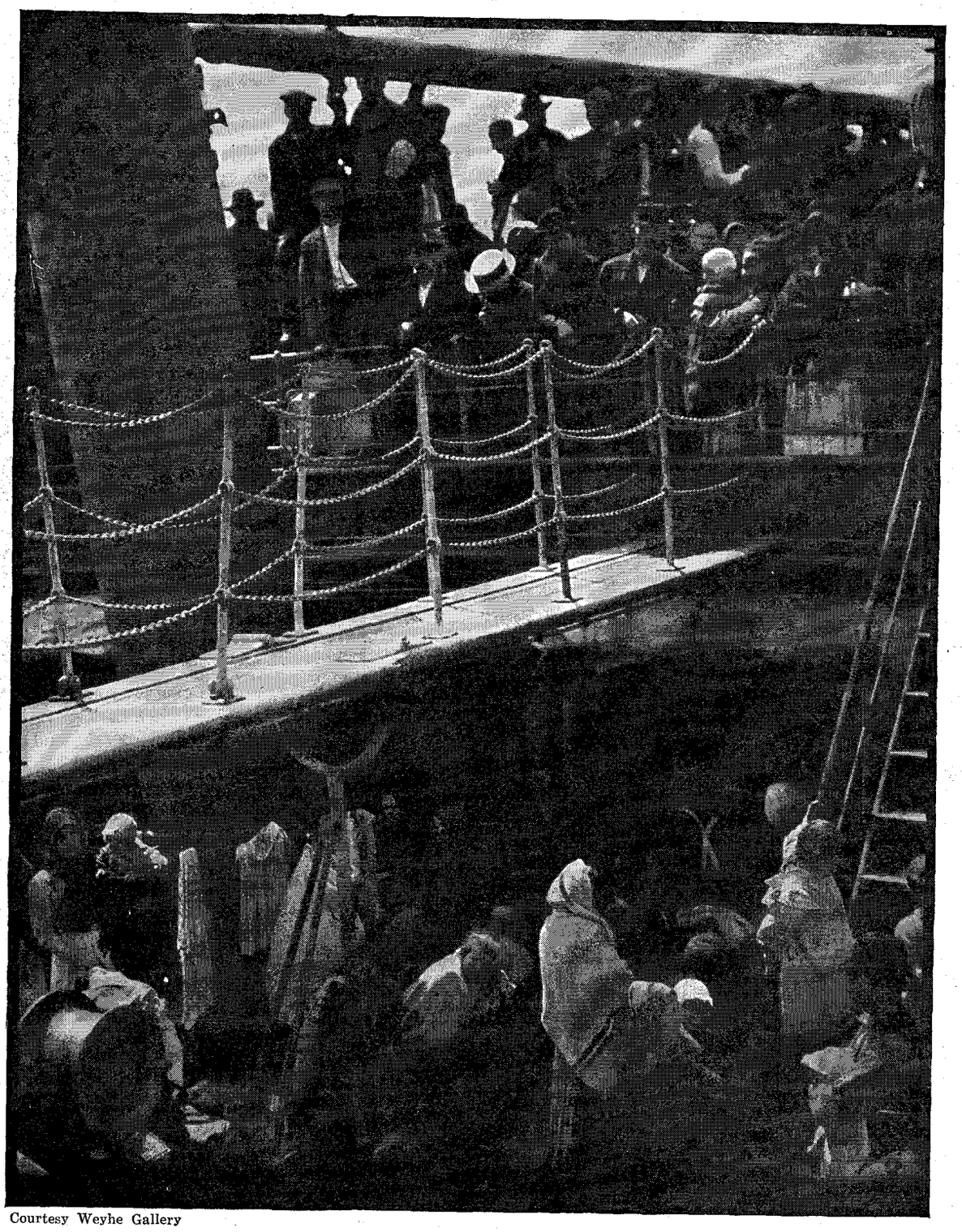

Courtesy Weyhe Gallery

THE STEERAGE

A photograph by Alfred Stieglitz

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Outlook

and Independent

September 25, 1929

Those Inferior Foreigners

It is a wonderful thing how, when man desires anything greatly and has firmly seated it in his imagination, everything he may see and hear at each step he judges it without reflection to be in his favor.—Las Casas.

By JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

How is the process of assimilation working in this second decade after the War? The author's investigation convinces him that it is arrested, "whether permanently or temporarily, for better or for worse, remains to be seen." For this condition, he believes, the mass of American citizens must be held responsible. Mr. Smertenko is a frequent contributor to the magazines

WITH the possible exception of Bill S616, "to lend War Department equipment for use at the world jamboree of the Boy Scouts of America," or Bill HR2937, "authorizing the establishment of a migratory-bird refuge in the Cheyenne Bottoms," I doubt whether any subject was discussed at the recent session of Congress which did not drag in, however circuitously, the question of the alien and the immigrant within our shores. Possibly it was only a kind of hysterics brought on by the numerous insoluble problems which the legislators were asked to solve; perhaps the honorable gentlemen did not mean what they said, did not even realize that they were saying it. For here was true foaming at the mouth, save that instead of laughter and tears the hysterics were accompanied by praise and abuse, equally violent, equally meaningless.

The formula for each debate is now almost standardized. The honorable members from the South or the West open the flood-gates of their tears in pity for a fair land overrun by alien hordes. They view with alarm and alarum the prospect of degrading the pure American type through intermarriage with less perfect peoples. They grow indignant at the exploitation of innocent and helpless natives by sleek, dishonest and bewhiskered foreigners. They charge that the immigrant is a pauper who becomes a public charge and also a cheap worker who takes the bread from native mouths by displacing true-born Americans in industry. They inform us that he is sick, feeble-minded and insane, crowding our hospitals and medical institutions, and also that he is indefatigable, brutal and lawless, solely responsible for the recurring crime waves which inundate our cities. They point out that he brings his own women-folk and thus lowers the status of woman in America by beating his wives, breeding vast quantities of children and engaging in White Slave traffic; also that he does not bring his women-folk and thereby injures America, since that creates a floating population, encourages prostitution and takes money out of our country (for obviously every gay bachelor miner or ditch-digger goes abroad like King Boris of Bulgaria to find himself a wife as soon as he has amassed a fortune.) They further disclose—these knowing honorables—that he is a dangerous radical and labor agitator and also a strike-breaking scab who is a menace to our union workers. They cite many other equally sound reasons.

Here the honorables from metropolitan communities rise to object. They are astounded and ashamed that such foolish, baseless, and contradictory charges should be voiced in these halls dedicated to wisdom and truth. Is it possible that for the sake of appealing to the ignorant prejudices of their constituents any of the fellow-honorables would stoop to beat the immigrant under-dog with both ends of a stick at the same time? "Is not the truth the truth?" And so they offer in rebuttal the statements that it is the immigrant who does all of our hard labor, who is responsible for our material prosperity and cultural development, who carries on our highest ideals. They point with pride to the living American geniuses and to the dead American heroes who came from alien lands. Who discovered America, they ask more in sorrow than triumph? A foreigner. And breakfast foods? An immigrant. And the saxophone? An alien. Using statistic for statistic, quotation for quotation, pseudo-scientific authority for similar authority, they prove, in short, that all the blessings which we enjoy in these glorious United States we owe to the immigrant voter.

Let me assure the reader that these obvious absurdities are not a parody but indeed a fair transcript of the charges and counterblasts made in Congress and widely, gravely reported in the nation's press. Let me further assure him that the American public, perturbed by the problem of the immigrant so often forced on its attention, does not balance this nonsense and then simply dismiss it with Mercutio's curse on both the houses. Not at all. Men have not changed much since Las Casas made his observation; they still are inclined to judge everything without re-

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flection to be in their own favor. And, therefore, the American masses have acquired a prejudice toward the immigrant which is playing an increasing part in the social and political life of the United States. It is impossible to overestimate the influence of this attitude on the process of assimilation which is undoubtedly one of our most important national problems, but it is not difficult to see the results of prejudice in our own generation nor to gauge its effects on the development of the United States.

TODAY THE MASS of descendants of "old stock immigrants" firmly and positively believe: One, that they are the sole and perfect American type; two, that the "new immigrants," meaning thereby not only the millions who have come from Southern and Eastern Europe but their descendants as well, are an inferior breed of human beings capable, at best, of being merely second class Americans; and three, that further immigration into the United States should be sought at the source of the original settlers, namely Britain and North Ireland.

Now a prejudice against immigrants is part of the American tradition founded long before the "new immigration." It began, in fact, in 1612 when the Spanish ambassador to England characterized the Colonists as "only low and lost people." A quarter of a century later the Collector of the Port of London still reported that "most of those that go thither . . . are better out than within the kingdom," while at the same time the Council of Virginia complained that "lascivious sonnes, bad servants, and ill husbands" were being dumped into their colony. The Pilgrim Fathers protested against the coming of the Scotch and the Scotch-Irish as a menace to America which "may well prove fatal in the End" and the Virginians decided that the "foreigners" were "a spurious race of mortals" and pushed them out into the Kentucky and Carolina wildernesses. Benjamin Franklin wrote of the pre-Revolutionary German settlers, "Those who come to us are the most stupid of their own nation." Vituperative criticism against the Irish knew no bounds and was climaxed by a series of pamphlets describing "the foreign conspiracy against the United States" in which their Catholicism was made the subject of lurid attacks. This was accompanied by convent-burnings and pogroms in which whole Irish neighborhoods were mobbed and sacked. Against the Oriental "the human of par excellence," abuse was almost wholly replaced by action. Led by the very Irish whose shanty towns had been the victims of earlier prejudice, the mobs burned homes and establishments, killed hundreds and drove thousands from their places of employment. Later on the Italians and Slavs and Jews learned to know this prejudice in one form or another; so did the northcoming Mexicans and the migrating Canadians.

To the student it became increasingly obvious that this antagonism has an economic basis. The real or imaginary vices and failings of the immigrant are used as a screen; they are reasons but not causes. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that many of the reasons are valid. The fact is that immigrants *en masse* are an inferior species of human beings. But the extremely important truth behind this fact is that they are not inherently inferior. Political, social and religious conditions combined with a less than average ability to cope with these particular conditions make them the "low and lost people" of their native lands. They do include the economic failures, the spiritual rebels, the social misfits. They are the lower classes.

YET ONE NEEDS only go to the records to see that these generalizations are equally applicable to every group of immigrants since the settlement of Jamestown in 1607, and, what is more important, to realize that these characteristics are effaced within one generation.

When the angry Samuel Johnson said that the rebel Americans were "a race of convicts and ought to be content with anything we allow them short of hanging," he was not prevising the present nation-wide disregard of the prohibition amendment and the Jones law. He was referring to the thousands upon thousands of felons who were dumped here during one hundred and fifty years of British colonization. "It is estimated," writes Dr. Edward Alsworth Ross, "that between 1750 and 1770 twenty thousand British convicts were exported to Maryland alone, so that even the schoolmasters were mostly of this stripe. . . . Gallows-birds were often given the option of servitude in the 'plantations.' Some prayed to be hanged instead." Indentured servants who, according to Prof. John R. Commons, formed half of the American population before the Revolution, included the dregs of society raked from slum and alley as well as the lackland peasants, unskilled laborers and impoverished tradesmen who sought the prosperity they could not earn at home. The other half of the population was naturally far superior in character and the "old stock immigration" which came after the Revolutionary War was an improvement, too, but not so much as to lose the point of the humorist who said, "Americans are a lucky people because they came to the United States before they made its immigration laws."

AMERICA was built of and by lowly people. Even "the exodus of noble 'Cavaliers' to Virginia is a myth" which denies credit to the formative force of American conditions and institutions. With singularly few exceptions the descendants of the old Americans, whether of the "aristocracy" or of the masses, are products of the cross-breeding of all these early immigrants. They owe whatever superiority they have over their ancestors, not to old-world inheritances but to new-world improvements.

The regenerative power of a new environment and a fresh start, an independent position and an equal chance, has been demonstrated again and again, but never more successfully than in the making of America. Its operation may be seen in every city today and its achievement in the past may be indicated by a single citation. Timothy Dwight, the scrupulous and erudite president of Yale, summed up his opinion of the New Englander moving to the West at the beginning of the nineteenth century in the following words:

"They are not fit to live in regular society. They are too idle; too talkative; too passionate; too prodigal, and too shiftless to acquire either property or character. They are impatient at the restraints of law, religion or morality . . . they become at length discouraged; and under the pressure of poverty, the fear of gaol, and the consciousness of public contempt, leave their native places and betake themselves to the wilderness." One need only compare this description with the first-hand testimony of the manner in which these "failures" met the uncompromising difficulties of a virgin soil to realize that the pioneers attained their

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virtues and their haloes; they did not inherit the first any more than the second.

It is of the utmost importance to lay these facts as a basis for the consideration of assimilation in America. The subject is so highly charged with emotional bias, so brazenly exploited by sentimental humanitarians on the one hand and political patrioteers on the other that it is impossible to render an honest account of its character and progress without crashing into that mental wall, the superiority-inferiority concept whose bricks are misinformation and whose cement is prejudice. It may be argued that preconception and prejudice are just as valid means of deciding on the desirability of assimilation as any we have. But they are obviously obstructions to seeing whether ultimate assimilation is possible and whether—as well as to what extent—it is going on.

That Americans must see this development of their own nation clearly and quickly in order to act intelligently no one will deny. However great their contempt for the "foreigner," they cannot dismiss the problem he presents by ignoring it, for even fifty-five per cent of a population—which is the proportion of native whites of native parentage in the United States—cannot remain unconcerned with what is done by or happens to the other millions of inhabitants. The course which this lesser half of our population must follow will be marked by economic and political changes that will affect all of the people. There is, then, simply the question of how much influence the older Americans will exert in determining the progress of the "new immigration."

Genuine assimilation in the United States depends entirely on the Americans of the old stock, since it requires the active efforts of both the group that desires to be assimilated and the people to which it wishes to belong to accomplish that complete transformation of racial traits and individual reactions which makes one type out of two or more. For assimilation is a biological as well as a cultural process. Crudely defined, it means that each assimilated individual is incorporated and digested by the surrounding mass much in the same way that a particle of food is absorbed by the amoeba. Its outstanding feature is of course the fact that both the individual and the environment which absorbs him are different at the end and as a result of the process. It is this feature which has restrained the old-stock Americans from interpenetration. They have been content to adopt here a phrase and a dish, there a song and a dance step, elsewhere a merchandising method and a social convention as inherent parts of the American *mores* but they have refused a tolerant recognition to the modes of life which have evolved these distinctive contributions. Among the native masses marriage with a "new" American, especially with one who is not of British stock, tends to make an outcast of the individual that takes this radical step; even less intimate contacts are frowned upon by the community; and the conception that the stranger within our gates will eventually have his seat at the family hearth grows fainter and fainter in the American consciousness. And yet, entirely unaware that this attitude is the main barrier to assimilation, the native has indignantly criticised newcomers for the failure of the melting pot.

Pride and prejudice are, of course, the basic elements of this attitude and they are fostered by a narrow and misguided patriotism. I was astounded in examining the material for this essay to discover the enormous amount of misinformation that has been published in America concerning racial differences. Some of it is obviously due to inadequate statistics; but most of it is deliberate perversion of the facts and consciously false deduction from such facts as are used. The tragedy of these pitiful falsehoods is that while they are usually made in "good faith" as a desperate means to save America from evil, they not only inflict severe injury on the commonwealth in themselves but also threaten more dangerous harm in effecting their purpose. As a matter of fact, they are animated less by allegiance to the United States of the present and future than to the Anglo-American colonies of the past. They are the intellectual expression of Ku Klux Klanism. Their power lies not so much in their appeal to national vanity as in their exploitation of general ignorance.

There is neither space nor need to consider in detail the postulates of superiority by which the patriots try to defend the dominance of the Anglo-American tradition. Some samples have been offered at the beginning of this article; for the rest, suffice it to state that there is no virtue which some one somewhere does not prove an inherent characteristic of the "old stock;" there is no vice which some one else somewhere else does not discover to be a marked trait of the new Americans. The inevitable conclusion strengthens the hostile attitude of the old Americans, and the immigrants' reaction to this hostility is the story of our arrested assimilation.

But as a basis it is necessary to know what are the real facts regarding the relative qualities of the old-stock Americans and the new—facts which can readily be tested by available and authoritative statistics. What have we learned in this decade of research by government and social agencies concerning present inhabitants and future trends? Two very simple but very important truths! First, that with the exception of the South Italians who are, on the whole, the European equivalent of our Southern "poor whites," no immigrant group is consistently or even disproportionately inferior to the natives of old stock. And second—this is of the utmost significance—that the second generation of these immigrants, including the Italians, approaches the American norm in practically every social characteristic and motive habit. I do not say in every characteristic because the records for alcoholism still indicate the one exceptional case, namely that the natives of Irish parentage exceed Americans as well as their own foreign-born fathers in intemperance. But otherwise, in every thoroughly investigated activity or quality—in literacy and prostitution, in general health and particular disease, in crime, occupations, pauperism, birth-rate, intemperance, etc., etc., it has been found that the American environment changes the life and habits of the new arrivals, whether for better or for worse, until they conform to the average type developed during these three hundred years of our civilization.

Thus the native-born children of Jewish, Hungarian and Italian fathers, who knew little or nothing of intemperance, drink more, whereas those of English and Scotch parentage drink less. The second generation of all immigrants shows an increase in the crimes known as "gainful offenses," mounting to the American leadership in these crimes, and it shows a decrease in "offenses of personal violence," again approaching the American percentage. This is especially true of the Italians who have the lowest record for the former and the highest in the latter case. A similar tendency is indicated in the matter of illiteracy with even more striking re-

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sults. Before the literacy test for admission to the United States was passed, Americans showed a marked superiority to most immigrants in this respect, although the Scandinavians, Bohemians, British and a few other nationals excelled even there. The second generation, however, has not only risen to the American standard but has improved upon it, witness the record of illiteracy in the population made by the 1920 census: Foreign-born whites—13.1 per cent; native whites of native parentage —2.5 per cent; and native whites of foreign or mixed parentage—0.8 per cent.

One further instance will suffice. No belief is more firmly held in America than that the native worker of old stock is keener, more skilful and more dependable than the new immigrant. And the opinion is upheld by the honest testimony of foremen, gang-bosses and employment managers throughout the country who are positive that, by and large, Americans are their best workers. In this connection an investigation of the automobile industry made by Mr. Arthur Pound for the *Atlantic Monthly* offers great illumination of the difference between balance and bias. Mr. Pound found support for this belief. Further inquiry disclosed, however, that a particular American was invariably meant. One employment manager localized it as a preference for natives from northern Michigan and places of similar latitudes. Others concurred. The thirty million native whites from south of the Mason-Dixon line were not included.

Local industrial testimony (writes Mr. Pound) on the value of this Southern white labor is a little disconcerting to one who is at all prejudiced in favor of his own color and racial type. The Ozarks are frequently described as one of the two breeding basins of pure-blood Anglo-Saxons in the United States. Here are men of the good old stock, whose forefathers no doubt fought in the Revolution; and yet, on the basis of the record, they are the least satisfactory men to hire of the extremely mixed population which presents itself at the gate.

A company lawyer, in charge of compensation cases, described these Southern whites as "physically and intellectually sluggish. They get hurt more easily and stay hurt longer than any other class of labor we have." When I protested that this might be due merely to industrial inexperience and the difficulty of acclimating themselves, he said: "Then they ought to break in as easily as Italian peasants, but they don't."

The employment manager was more specific, but equally condemning. He said: "When I first encountered the Southern mountaineer type, during the war shortage of labor, I thought, 'Here is just what the country needs in this emergency—an untouched labor reserve of tall, rangy American citizens, hundred-per-centers.' So we sent down to Tennessee for a batch. . . . My experience has taught me to put almost any other set of man on the job in preference to a white Southerner."

Occupational statistics bear this out. They show that good workers are made, not born, at any rate so far as nations or races are concerned. They prove specifically that it is temporary need rather than permanent inferiority which puts the newcomer into the class of unskilled and menial labor. The immigrant, whether he is Slavic peasant or Jewish merchant or Finnish seaman, is forced to begin at the lowest ring of the industrial ladder because he has neither land nor goods nor ship with which to carry on the tasks to which he is accustomed. This is the price he pays for admission to a strange land and an even stranger industrial organization of society. But his children climb this ladder; they leave mine and mill and sweatshop for skilled labor, trade and the professions; they meet the native on equal terms in the fields of artisan, teacher, executive, and middleman. Again they respond to the influence of their American environment by reaching the American level.

This radical adjustment in habits and education, work, health, and even emotional reaction is one of the primary steps in assimilation. Obviously some such adjustment is forced on the immigrants in their struggle for existence. To succeed in America they must adopt American methods of living and working. But it is also clear to all who know them that the strongest incentive to assimilation is not the immigrants' desire for material success but their wish for Americanization. The twenty-seven million human beings who have come here since 1880 readily and reverently conceded their inferiority to the natives. They idealized the character of America and Americans; they hastily discarded the ancient ways and manners which stamped them as foreign; they were proud when they learned to imitate the native attitudes and characteristics. Thus they moved, gladly and quickly, toward their ideal.

Nor have these changes been entirely superficial. More and more the immigrants identified themselves with the American population. Old language, old ideas, old habits passed out of their lives; new reactions conscious and subconscious, replaced them. Physically, too, they altered their character: not merely in size and health, but also in form of head, shape of hand and foot, structure of bone and body. Attribute these basic changes to whatever cause you wish—nourishment or sports, better living conditions or climate or the impelling will to be like the Americans—the fact remains that within one generation these immigrants of all types approached the American type as closely as it was biologically possible without general intermarriage. And then something happened! The process was arrested; differences became apparent; the hyphen crept into view. That "something" is the separatism of the old-stock Americans and the natural reaction of the new Americans.

There is a tremendous psychological difference between voluntary acknowledging another's superiority and having another impose his assumption of superiority upon one. In the former instance, one flatters the object without losing a proper appreciation of self; in the latter case, the object gratifies his vanity at the expense of one's self-respect. And there is no normal being so mean as to permit this latter without struggle and resentment. Besides, in the particular application of this phenomenon in America a special attitude came into play. Though he idealized the United States and its inhabitants, the immigrant never raised it beyond the possibility of attainment. It was most emphatically a place and a condition in which he "belonged." It was a land where "all men are created equal;" it was a country which adopted its loyal citizens; it was a nation conscious of its immigrant origin and therefore willing to amalgamate with new immigrants. The traditional prejudice which I have mentioned was ignored before arrival and, even when experienced, became subordinate in the newcomers' consciousness to the traditional pledges of liberty, equality and opportunity again offered by American leaders. The mob's murmur of protest was lost in the grandiloquent statements of past and present: in Washington Irving's "we forego the advantages of our birth, if

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we do not shake off the national prejudices, as we would the local superstitions, of the old world;" in Jefferson's, Cleveland's, Roosevelt's and Wilson's idealistic assurances; in Lincoln's protest against intolerance—"as a nation we began by declaring that 'all men are equal!' We now practically read it, 'All men are created equal, except Negroes.' When the Know-Nothings get control, it will read, 'All men are created equal, except Negroes and foreigners and Catholics.' When it comes to this, I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty."

Hence his very ideals prepared the humble immigrant to throw off his humility when he had adjusted himself to the American environment. And his native-born children took their Americanism and their equality for granted. But they soon discovered that their ideals and assumptions were not shared by the old-stock natives. They found a separatism which was insulting and unfair because it was neither based on facts nor consistent. They heard the hysterical cry of the dangers of degeneration from intermarriage in the face of the unequivocal statement by Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, curator of the United States National Museum and the only scientist who has made an extensive study of the American type, that "the future of the American stock . . . need cause no concern. All available anthropological evidence points to the fact that just as the older population, so later comers to this country have been undergoing a gradual physical improvement, leading in stature and other respects in the direction of the type of the old Americans. None of these newcomers are physically so different from the older stock that the admixture with them could be regarded as a possible biological danger. It is more likely that the newer admixture into the American stock . . . will on the whole prove a wholesome stimulus and a leaven that will result in a substantial benefit for the future." They saw the arbitrary acceptance of such individuals of immigrant stock as flattered native vanity and the equally arbitrary insistence that other individuals were typical of the foreign element. Thus, if a second-generation Swede crossed the Atlantic in an airplane, he was vaunted as a great American—and so was the German industrialist, the Jewish Nobel prize winner, the Irish-Catholic boxing champion, etc., etc.—but if a second-generation Swede crossed the Canadian border with a truck-load of liquor, he was branded a foreigner—and so was the criminal of other ethnic stocks. And finally, they recognized that, as never before, the prejudices and separatism of the old-stock natives were finding political expression. Before the World War, mob feelings could not overcome traditional principles and agitation against immigration and Catholics and adopted citizens availed nothing. But latterly the situation changed. Presidential elections were affected by these considerations and congressional laws incorporated these groundless prejudices.

Ewing Galloway

FUTURE CITIZENS

A Slavic immigrant family at Ellis Island

The reaction to this discrimination takes a similar direction. Racial pride rises to a place second only to American allegiance. National and ethnic differences that were submerged in the process of assimilation appear again as cherished characteristics and traditions. The numerous lodges and organizations, which came into being to protect the ignorant foreigner and which were dying as a result of the general Americanization of the immigrant masses, find new life-blood in the resentment against native separatism. They proceed to convert this resentment and racial patriotism into an active desire to reestablish contacts with the old-world cultural heritage, a work which assures them both perpetuation and popularity. They strengthen the spiritual ties with their countries of origin. They utilize the numerical strength of their masses to demand the teaching of their national languages and literatures in public schools and state universities. They are disciplining and consolidating the "foreign vote." These are steps to a different goal than complete assimilation. In fact, they lead in the opposite direction. Yet that is the only way open to self-respecting groups who have found their path of development barred by old-stock exclusiveness. This alternative, once called the Balkanization of America by Nicholas Roosevelt, has many and startling implications which Americans do not even contemplate.

For Americans hardly realize the vastness of the United States and what can be done within its borders. The usual conception of it as a nation more or less on a par with other world powers minimizes its size so that they are seldom conscious that it can swallow thirty-eight Great Britains and that sixteen Germanies will fit in it, leaving almost one hundred thousand miles to spare. California alone has room for Austria and Hungary, Holland, Belgium and Denmark, Palestine, Switzerland and Estonia. Not until after the Civil War did the great size of the country cease to trouble our statesmen, who with Jefferson had "a candid apprehension that the enlargement of our territory would endanger its Union." Now the striking feature of our immigrant settlement is that it is not diffused throughout the land. Of the seven and a half million Americans of German blood, two million live in Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota; another million in Ohio and Michigan; one and a half million in New York and Pennsylvania. Almost fifty per cent of the three million Scandinavians in the United States are in Minnesota, Wisconsin and the Dakotas; a half million more are in Illinois and Michigan. Three million inhabitants of Russian extraction and an equal number of other Slavs are concentrated in a half dozen states. The

(Please Turn to Page 159)

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Over There

A Hospital Unit on the Western Front

By FREDERICK A. POTTLE

In the preceding and first installment of "Stretchers" the author depicted the gathering of the "mob of unorganized, sick and unshaved hoodlums" who were to be the enlisted personnel of Evacuation Hospital No. 8. Now, transformed by training, they are off on the great adventure. The next installment will find them in action, taxed to the uttermost by the casualties of Belleau Woods. (Editor's Note: Mr. Pottle was erroneously introduced as an instructor at Yale; he is an assistant professor in the English department)

THE train on which we found ourselves might, as far as appearances went, have been the very same as that on which we had come down from Slocum. But in everything else, how different! Then we were a mob of unorganized, distrustful, sick, and unshaved hoodlums, whose one burning desire was to escape from the army and go back home. Now we were a unit of healthy (and for the moment deliriously happy) soldiers, inured to hardship, able to arrange things for our own comfort even in the most unpromising situations, and looking eagerly forward to the adventure of service at the front. But if a transformation had been worked in us, the country itself had experienced a greater. We had slunk down to Fort Oglethorpe in the depths of a winter chill that reflected both our apathy and that of the people we saw on the way. We had paid little attention to the inhabitants of the towns through which we passed, and they had pretty much ignored us. But between January and May, the country had worked itself up to a tremendous pitch of war enthusiasm. From Chattanooga to Camp Merritt our trip was a triumphal procession. Red Cross women met us at the stations, showering us with gifts, whistles blew, and every one shouted and waved flags. The intensity of enthusiasm steadily increased as we went north, until in Pennsylvania it passed all bounds. "Every whistle and bell within miles was playing tunes," says a letter, "people crowded the windows of houses and factories, everybody's hat was off, everybody was yelling himself hoarse; Red Cross ladies at every station with apples and cigarettes, pretty girls shaking hands with us through the car windows—I am still quite drunk with the excitement of it. The most touching sight was the intense patriotism old people displayed. Time and again, we would see an old, bent, gray-haired woman waving a great flag at us, or an old man swinging his hat and cheering like a boy. And I suppose they see a troop train almost every day. Still, ours was a wonderful train! Fifteen coaches of soldiers, with our field kitchens going at full blast, their stovepipes out the doors of the baggage cars, and *us* all leaning out the windows." The trip was one mad panorama of noise and excitement. I cannot find that anyone recorded any distinct impressions of the separate towns along the way. We were intoxicated with glory. It was, as far as purely pleasurable emotion was concerned, the peak of our war experience.

About three on the afternoon of May 3 we arrived at Cresskill station, and at once shouldered our packs for the brief march to Camp Merritt, near Tenafly, New Jersey, where we were to wait for our sailing orders. There was no military duty at Merritt except to be on hand for various inspections. Every article of our clothing and equipment was carefully examined, and anything that showed signs of wear replaced. In addition to our former equipment, the Government presented each of us with a neat new safety razor in a khaki kit, with a trench mirror. (Most of us, I fancy, are still using those razors.) Our steel helmets also arrived, impressing us with the fact that we were soon to be in places where ordinary headgear would hardly be sufficient, but for the present they were left boxed with the quartermaster's stores. Our records were all carefully gone over and checked, and every one again given a physical examination.

Very early on the morning of Thursday, May 9, we rolled our packs, and marched down to Cresskill station, where, after a brief wait, we took a train for Hoboken. All along the way to the station relatives and friends accompanied us, and remained with us until we finally pulled out. Our marching through Hoboken caused little excitement; these people were fed up with seeing soldiers. Suddenly we were at the docks, with great dazzle-painted ships lying on every side. An ocean liner always gives one a thrill, but, oh! the thrill of seeing at last the boat which was to take us to France after four months "spent training for the sight!" We entered the vast, echoing sheds, passed boat after boat, and finally stopped beside the smallest and least impressive vessel we had seen that morning, a vessel bearing an Italian name, the *Caserta*. We had secretly expected it. Things for some time had been going much too well. Our quarters, we found, were the very worst in this very bad ship, at the lowest level, far below the water line. All the luxury of staterooms had been abolished, except for the officers. The whole middle of the ship had been cleared out and filled with tiers of rough wooden bunks. Our dungeon naturally had no portholes, but received such light as it did get from the open hatch in the deck, far above. The impression one received as he looked up was something like that of being in a well, a shaft having been left open from the hatch, down through the various levels of bunks, to our quarters. At the bottom of the well, under the hatch, were built rough tables, while the bunks rose up in tiers on all four sides. It was pitch dark at all times in the tiers against the sides of the vessel, and there was none too much light anywhere. When it rained, or the sea was rough enough to break over the deck, the hatch had to be covered up with canvas, which allowed still less. Below decks it was stuffy and intolerably cramped, and when every one was on deck it was equally cramped there. Our extravagant enthusiasm for the pleasures of ocean travel on an army transport was considerably damped, and matters were not improved by the execrable mess to which we were soon served. As dark came on, we went to bed early, for lights were not permitted, and it was difficult to grope your way down into the bowels of the ship and find your own bunk.

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There would be little use in chronicling the separate days of our two weeks' trip, though I have before me a diary which does so, even entering faithfully not only the exact hours of eating meals but also of losing them. We were thirteen days on the way, and had had a great deal too much of ocean travel after three or four.

At best, travel in quarters so congested would have been uncomfortable. The *Caserta*, to make it worse, was small. She was an Italian liner, manned entirely by a crew of Italian seamen; was dirty and insanitary, and furnished horrible food, of which some shall hereafter be specified. We had two meals a day, with a *petit déjeuner* after the European manner. At seven (none of my sources agree as to times on shipboard—the reason was undoubtedly the bewildering changing of the time as we went east) coffee and hard bread were brought down into our dungeon. This was perhaps our most satisfactory meal. At nine-thirty came breakfast, served on the deck unless the sea were very rough. The mess lines, instead of being long straight queues, as on land, twisted in sinuous loops around and around the narrow deck space, one part of the line moving in quite the opposite direction from the other. At four-thirty came our last meal, identical in substance, and served in the same way. Everything served to us was some kind of slop. For example, we might have lamb stew in our mess kit, stewed prunes in the cover, and coffee in our cups. To manage these three dishes without tilting and spilling is a nice feat on a level floor that stands still, because two of them must be balanced in one hand, and when once one gets them filled there is no opportunity to set them down to readjust one's hold. To manage them on a rolling deck is most difficult. But to walk with them securely down a rolling flight of iron steps on which one's hobnailed shoes slip like castors, is next to impossible. It was worth getting down into the mess hall early in order to see the involuntary acrobatics that always ensued. It would be only a moment after mess began before some unfortunate would lose his footing at the very top of the stairs and come rolling down the whole distance, his mess kit clattering after him, and showering the stairs with soup, prunes, and coffee. That made the footing even less secure for those who followed, so that the percentage of misfortune was steadily accelerated in direct proportion to the length of time which had elapsed since the meal began. Later, when the sea got rougher, we had all our food brought down to our quarters, which made it somewhat easier for us, but fearfully difficult for the mess detail. To spill a heavy boiler of scalding coffee or soup would not only deprive somebody of dinner, but might prove exceedingly painful for the persons who spilled it.

There was one dainty with which we were liberally served on the *Caserta* that we shall never forget, though many of the lesser atrocities have now faded from memory. That was rabbit stew. Our hatch was near the cook's galley, and much of the meat was dressed on the open deck just beside it. On May 14 an immense heap of rabbits was piled up on the deck, and there prepared for our dinner. The rabbits were unquestionably old. They looked old, and they smelled old. Someone who assisted in dressing them maintained that one of them was wrapped in an Australian newspaper of the year 1914, and insisted that they had been in storage at least four years. That, I suppose, was an exaggeration, but there can be no doubt that the rabbits were decidedly over-ripe, even for game. The procedure of the Italian cooks confessed as much. It was extremely simple and direct. They stripped off the hide, and opened the belly. Then they sniffed of the carcass; if it smelled too bad, they threw it in one pile; if it smelled merely bad, they threw it in another. One pile was thrown overboard, the other we ate. All day those awful rabbits lay by our hatch, and the odor of both piles (which was "really about the same") floated down to us. We were not hungry anyhow, and many of us were actually seasick. There was no very ravenous onslaught on the rabbit stew when it appeared.

It may seem ridiculous, in chronicling a heroic adventure, to spend so much time talking about food. The fact is, that the slight feeling of nausea which the remembrance of such details evokes, symbolizes more adequately the two weeks on the *Caserta* than anything else could. It epitomizes the qualms of stomach, slight or severe, that were always with us, the insanitary toilets, the congestion, the stench. There were, of course, other troubles besides the food. One of the greatest was the shortage of water. Fresh water, brackish and warm, was provided only for drinking, and often the taps would be found to have run dry. For washing ourselves, our mess kits, and our clothes, we had only salt water. As we had not foreseen this, we had not provided ourselves with salt-water soap. Only those who have tried it have any conception of what salt water does to ordinary soap.

The greater part of our time was naturally spent on the deck. The officers had the staterooms and the promenade deck. We had the run of the front and stern of the vessel, and a narrow alleyway between. By day, every inch of floor space, hatches, and low spars, was covered with soldiers. A transport at a distance looked as though it were swarming with brown ants. The days were, in general, clear. We were one of a convoy of ten vessels, all dazzle-painted in strange cubist designs, the effect of which was not to render a ship invisible, but to make it difficult to determine exactly in which direction she was headed. Under the rail of the largest transport nestled a trim little destroyer, which we were some time in discovering to be paint. A sturdy cruiser, very low on the water, and smoking very blackly, sailed in the center of the group, and the transports were spread out around nearly to the horizon, like overgrown chickens about a hen. The submarines at this time were everywhere and made trouble for nearly every convoy. We were permitted no lights of any kind after dark, and were strictly forbidden to throw anything overboard in the daytime. Besides the cruiser, each vessel had the additional protection of at least one gun of its own, at which a gun crew spent hours at drill and target practice. When we reached the danger zone, we were issued life preservers, and were ordered to wear them day and night. We were also subjected to frequent boat (more correctly raft) drills. I cannot remember now whether we were much worried about the submarines or not. Perhaps, lying far down in the hold below the line of the water, which we heard rushing past the iron sides of the vessel as we lay in our bunks, we had some uncomfortable moments as we wondered what would happen to us if the ship were torpedoed while we were all below. But no submarines ever molested us, though one of the transports in our convoy was sunk on the return trip. They must have sighted us, and probably followed us, but the cruiser (and destroyers which met us later) probably scared them off. At any rate, we saw nothing of them, though one day there was something like

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excitement over what looked like one. The report of the convoy commander in the Office of Naval Records dismisses the flurry with the following terse entry: "3.50 P. M., 20 May, FREDERICK fired five rounds at some object on her port beam, distant about one thousand yards. Shortly afterwards, signalled to the convoy, 'false alarm.'"

The weather, on the whole, was remarkably clear and sunny, and for the first half of the trip the sea was reasonably smooth. But on the sixteenth, when we were nearing the Azores, the sea became rougher, and from then on we ran in swells that rolled our small vessel unmercifully. A letter written on May 18 by a man who had never before crossed the ocean, will perhaps present the scene more vividly:

"I shall never enjoy an ocean voyage. In the first place, I was disappointed in the ocean. The narrowness of the horizon amazed me. The horizon is so much nearer than it is on the land. With all our ships together it actually looks crowded. I can't persuade myself that I am a thousand miles or more from shore. It seems to me that land is lurking just over the edge, and, to tell the truth, I don't feel in the least worried by the lack of it. I'll tell you what it is like: those scenes of heaving billows one sees cast on a movie screen—you feel as though it might be impressive if you could only see enough of it. And it's cold and rather terrible. Doré's sea pictures are right; dull, and hard, and gloomy. When the sun shines, it's a most ridiculous blue, not a crystalline transparent blue, but a vivid opaque indigo, with powdery white foam when a wave curls and breaks.

"Waves! The first five days or so, the sea was as calm as a lake and looked much like one. Then the wind blew steadily all one day, and ever since the boat has rolled and rolled in the most monotonous, even, maddening manner you can imagine. If it would only let up for just an hour so that I could get sound asleep! But it never does. My idea of ocean waves was far from correct. I supposed they were great sharp-cut mountains with curling crests and troughs like valleys. Maybe there are waves like that—my experience is far from extensive. But I haven't seen any. When you're on a crest, the sea doesn't look rough; just choppy, with nice little whitecaps scattered about in an indiscriminate manner. Then all of a sudden—whoosh! a great gently sloping bulge swells right up out of the level, and kicks you out of the water until one rail almost dips under. Then—whoosh! down the side you slip with a great foaming and gurgling, and the other rail almost dips under. The water around the boat looks like Army milk (one can of condensed milk to 3¾ quarts of water), and you can hardly see over the top of the wave. And then you see that the whole ocean is divided into these great shallow swells, about a dozen of them reaching clear to the horizon. They toss a big iron boat around ridiculously. And this, I suppose, isn't really a rough sea, but just normal."

The first sight of a foreign country after a long voyage at sea gives a thrill that is not merely that of seeing land again. One sees land, to use Cordelia's phrase, with washed eyes, as something new and inexpressibly lovely. And of all lands and cities, is any lovelier than Brittany or more picturesque than Brest? As we sailed up the estuary, no wider than a river between its tall banks of emerald green, we watched the graceful maneuvers of the little boats with colored sails that skimmed the water all about us, and wondered what lay behind those hills for us. Now we are at the dock (that strange dock where the tide rises and falls twenty feet or more), the buildings piling up in massive heaps toward the sky, in which a small round orange colored dirigible is droning and circling. France at last!

The whole company lay that night aboard the ship. The next day (May 24), at about 2.00 P. M., half the company marched out to Pontanezen barracks. The other half remained behind to help unload the vessel. Let us stay behind with one of the latter group, because he has made a fairly full record of the appearance of a French port in war time.

"So many, many new things!" he writes, "I am quite intoxicated by them all. Can you realize that our convoy carried the largest number of human beings that ever crossed the Atlantic at once in the history of the world? And I understand that a larger has arrived since. I was one of a detail left behind to unload the ship. People don't realize the quantity of material which has to go across to maintain a soldier. I think the weight is estimated at five thousand pounds. The magnitude of the war never really came home to me until I saw what was in the hold of that vessel, under the place where we were quartered—and I supposed that we were in the very bottom of the ship! Soldiers' barracks-bags, tinned food, troop boxes, carts, forges, flour, oats, pig-iron, and tons of various miscellaneous equipment—it was all packed in as it happened to fit best. There must have been half a million dollars' worth of flour in our vessel alone. We stayed down in the hold and piled the stuff indiscriminately into a great square rope net, hooked the four corners to a big hook which dangled down on a cable, and then got out from under while a steam winch swung it up and out over the side to the dock. The method of unloading seemed to me much less efficient than that which had stowed the material away so carefully and securely. When the cable tightened, and the net drew tight, the wooden boxes inside would groan and crack, and occasionally one would fall back into the hold. One part of the cargo consisted of large wooden cartons of Camel cigarettes, which we piled in very carelessly, in hope that one *would* fall back and break open. One *did* fall, and the wooden box split wide open, but, alas! the cigarettes were soldered into a tin box inside. Occasionally the Negroes managing the winch (whose chief desire seemed to be speed rather than care) would deposit the entire contents of the net into the water between the side of the boat and the dock. I remember seeing boxes containing delicate artillery instruments bobbing like corks in the water. Some of the flour was doused, too. I wonder what it will taste like when the men finally get it to eat? Another detachment of men received the material on the dock and piled it into big American trucks, which hauled it to the sorting yards, where it was sorted out and sent to the proper destination.

"Some German prisoners were loading coal at the dock, guarded by bristling little French soldiers, their bayoneted guns strapped on their backs. I wondered what the Germans thought as they saw these great ships pouring out this inexhaustible stream of men and materials day after day. Indeed, the stream is increasing. All day troops marched through the quiet streets of the old, old town, and when I came on deck at midnight, the line was still moving by, and the steam winches were just as busily swinging their freight over the side. The moonlight made a long path down the quiet water of the harbor, touching here a transport, there a broad flat freight scow, a tug, a motor launch,

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a beautiful little sail boat—all flying the Stars and Stripes in a port which has hardly seen that flag on a commercial vessel in half a century.

"Can you imagine the way the dock looks? Day and night hundreds of American Negro soldiers work there in dusty blue denim overalls, loading flour on absurd little French box cars. In the middle of the night you can see them coming to work in fresh shifts, laughing and singing, boisterously taking the place of locomotives to push the cars about. German prisoners are dumping coal into cars from buckets swung on a steel crane made in Cleveland, Ohio. American soldiers are trucking boxes past a withered old Frenchman with broad brimmed hat and great straw-stuffed wooden sabots, who is mournfully shoveling gravel into an ancient two-wheeled cart drawn by a beautiful red stallion. On the summit of the hill is a château with a pointed tower, and near the water front, behind a massive wall, is a great gloomy pile, part of which, they say, dates back to the time of Julius Caesar.

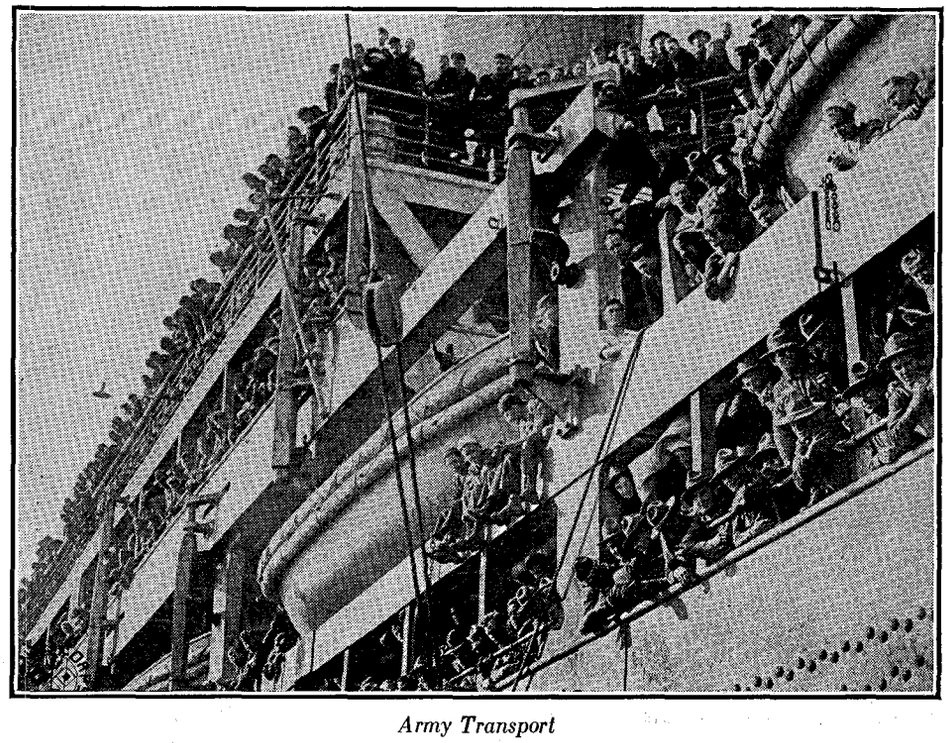
"This morning (May 26), we marched some five kilometres to camp. As we started to ascend the winding ramps that lead up from the water front we were mobbed by swarms of children begging for 'ceegarettes' and 'pennees.' They ranged from little urchins who could hardly toddle, up to boys of fourteen, handsome little beggars, and fairly well dressed, too, though, as it appeared to us, very quaintly. Up to the time they put on long trousers, the boys wear black aprons, which cover their breeches. I could hardly believe that they all smoked, and asked, as well as I could, why they wanted tobacco. A little fellow, who walked beside me for a mile, told me what I might have guessed. They all have fathers or big brothers at the front who cannot afford to buy tobacco (a French soldier's pay is about $1.50 a month), and these rumpled cigarettes are carefully stored up and sent to them. This boy had two brothers at war, one in Italy and one in Flanders. He himself would be fourteen, he said 'le mois prochain.' "

Pontanezen barracks, as every one knows, later became a scandal. Conditions there in the autumn of 1918 were so bad that an investigation was ordered. But it would have been impossible to imagine a more delightful or interesting spot than Pontanezen in May of that same year. So far as I can remember, the only hardship we had to endure was to sleep on bare duckboards without mattresses. But the ground was perfectly dry, and we could sleep on that if we preferred. Our chronicler has also recorded his impressions of Pontanezen:

"We are in a camp built, they say, by Napoleon. I can't tell you how strange it looks to see the American flag floating over the gate (for the camp is entirely surrounded by a high stone wall), and a new Y. M. C. A. building nestling in between the old white stucco barracks. Back of the barracks we have pitched tents, and made a typical American encampment. [It was the lack of barracks when the rainy season set in later that made Pontanezen so bad.] There is a great smooth white square in the center—the old parade ground—where the boys are now playing soccer and 'one old cat.' We are shown all sorts of interesting horrors: where Napoleon shot his deserters, where the gallows stood, even where there was once a guillotine. I am skeptical, but I suppose there must have been a gallows. Perhaps the most remarkable thing in the whole place is the old laundry where we wash our clothes, which needed washing sadly after their regimen of salt water on the boat. It is built in the corner of the wall, and one goes down to it by a flight of stone steps. It is a square, with an open court in the middle. The tile roof slopes down to the court, and pours the rain water into cisterns. There are two great square stone tubs with sides two feet thick. Clear water runs in through a barrel (where one can rinse his clothes), and the dirty water escapes by a stone channel. Great patches of live-forever have grown in crevices in the corner of the wall, and their red blossoms make gaudy patches of color against the gray stones."

Pontanezen was merely a rest camp. Companies landing at Brest went there to stay only until their equipment was sorted out and reloaded, and orders arrived for their next move. There was nothing whatever to do there except "detail" and rest. The camp boasted one tiny French canteen where, after standing in line an hour, one might buy dates, Camembert cheese, and occasionally chocolate, though our ravenous appetite for candy exhausted in a few minutes the meager stock as fast as it arrived. Civilians, who are surfeited with sweets, can form no conception of the soldier's craving for candy. The only chocolate we were able to buy (the "Chocolate Menier" so lavishly advertised everywhere in France on signs and placards) was hard and coarse grained, but we treasured scraps of it more than gold.

On the last day of May we hiked back to Brest with full packs, and about 6.00 P. M. entrained aboard a string of those famous French box cars known generally as "side-door Pullmans" or "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8." Forty men can ride very comfortably in an American box car. Indeed, an American box car with a good layer of straw



Army Transport

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in the bottom and not too many men aboard makes, for a man who is roughly dressed and not too fastidious, quite as comfortable a means of long distance travel as a regulation Pullman. But a French box car is hardly half the size of one of ours, and is (to our way of thinking) ridiculously light and flimsy in construction. As nearly as I could determine by pacing, the distance between the front and rear trucks is about fourteen feet. There are no air brakes, the lack being supplied by shock absorbers at each end—large disks the size of dinner plates, which clash loudly together when the cars bump. But even granting that forty men are too generous an allowance for comfort in a car of this size, we might still have traveled with more comfort than we did. If one is to be comfortable, there must be nothing whatever in the car to prevent his stretching out at full length on the floor. (The regulation way is to lie crosswise of the car, head to foot.) These cars were equipped with a diabolical arrangement of heavy plank seats, which were very convenient during the day, but made it absolutely impossible to get any sleep at night. There was not a spot in the car where a man could stretch himself out flat. More than this, we had been strictly forbidden to throw any refuse out of the car. On this trip we were living on cold canned rations—corned beef, beans, and hardtack, and at first, though the tracks on both sides were knee deep in rusted tin cans, we dutifully threw our empty tins on the floor and tried to sleep on them. A greasy corned beef can with a jagged top is not a pleasant thing to stick one's ear into.

It would be hard to imagine conditions of travel more uncomfortable. But I think we complained little, for the country through which we were passing was so beautiful and interesting that it occupied all our attention. From Brest, the most westerly point of France, we crossed nearly the entire breadth of the country at its widest part. A tourist company could not have planned a more interesting trip. How unlike what we had expected, this sitting in the door of a box car and dangling our legs out, as we watched the placid pastoral beauty of France, apparently untouched by war, unrolling itself before us, as though we were mere tourists! And it was just in those days that the Germans were driving on unchecked in that last advance that brought them almost to the gates of Paris.

Our long journey was interrupted by frequent stops, when we had an opportunity to get hot coffee, or to stroll about beside the cars to ease our cramped limbs. American soldiers, condemned forever to the S.O.S., cheered us wistfully as we passed. The smaller villages and crossings seemed almost deserted, and for miles our train would seem to be the only evidence of life in a depopulated country. The natives waved and cheered, but faintly, as though in the spell of a great terror. At Dijon there was a large American Red Cross which gave us candy and cigarettes besides our coffee. That night we stopped in the gloomy yards of Is-sur-Tille, said then to be the largest railroad terminal in the world. The days were clear and bright, but the nights were cold, and that night unbearably so. Near at hand was a small Y.M.C.A. building, and before morning nearly the whole company was there, playing the piano and singing. It was well into the afternoon of June 3 before we finally got away from Is-sur-Tille.

So far, we had been well south of the actual zone of fighting. But, as we drew north toward Toul, we began to see on the darkening sky faint flashes like the northern lights or heat lightning, and to hear the faint mutter of distant thunder. When we were told that it was the flashing and roar of the guns at the front, we were thrilled but somewhat incredulous. How different modern warfare is from what one expects! The actual fighting takes place in only the narrowest fringe of the area occupied by an army. One may go by train almost to the very front, and live there for months with little more knowledge of what life in the trenches is like than he could obtain at home in New York City.

We arrived at night at our destination, Bazoilles-sur-Meuse, near Neufchâteau, a little town of no geographical importance whatever, but which had been chosen long before as a good strategical position for an American hospital center. We detrained, very tired and stiff, and slept cold on the bare floors of barracks which we hunted out in the dark, making ourselves as comfortable as we could with our blankets and overcoats. It will be necessary to pause here for a little to explain why we were sent to Bazoilles, and why, almost as soon as we got there, we were sent back over the route we had just traveled.

When the American Army arrived in France, there was a good deal of disagreement as to the status on which it should operate. General Pershing naturally wished for the American armies to preserve their identity, and be assigned a sector of the front as their own particular project. The other Allied generals would have preferred to use the American troops as replacement battalions for the French and British lines, which were already holding the trenches. In the end, General Pershing prevailed, and chose, or was assigned, as the American sector, the line east of Verdun, a part of the front which was then quiet. Back of this area a vast and complicated service of supplies was being built, including the necessary hospital centers. Bazoilles-sur-Meuse was one of the places where it was intended to concentrate the resources of several hospital organizations. For this purpose a considerable number of wooden barracks had been erected, and were awaiting companies to take them over. In the normal course of things, we should have encamped there, equipped our operating rooms and wards, and held ourselves in readiness for the moment when General Pershing thought the time had come to order a general advance. But these plans were roughly upset. In the spring of 1918, as every one knows, the Germans launched a series of furious and successful drives against the French and British lines. The first thrust, beginning on March 21, was directed against the British, in the direction of Amiens, and all but succeeded in separating the French and British armies. In the crisis the Allies elected General Foch commander in chief, and General Pershing placed the American troops at his disposal without reservation. The plans for independent American operations were temporarily suspended. The second assault (April 9—26) was also against the British, farther to the north. These first two drives had taken place before we left Oglethorpe. I remember our arguing with some heat whether the War would be over if the Germans should break through to the south and take Paris. While we were resting at Pontanezen barracks, they made the attempt. On May 27 their third drive broke the French line, swept across the Aisne and the Vesle, and pressed on to the Marne, a gain of thirty miles in three days. The peak of the advance rested at Château-Thierry on the Marne, forty miles east and slightly north of

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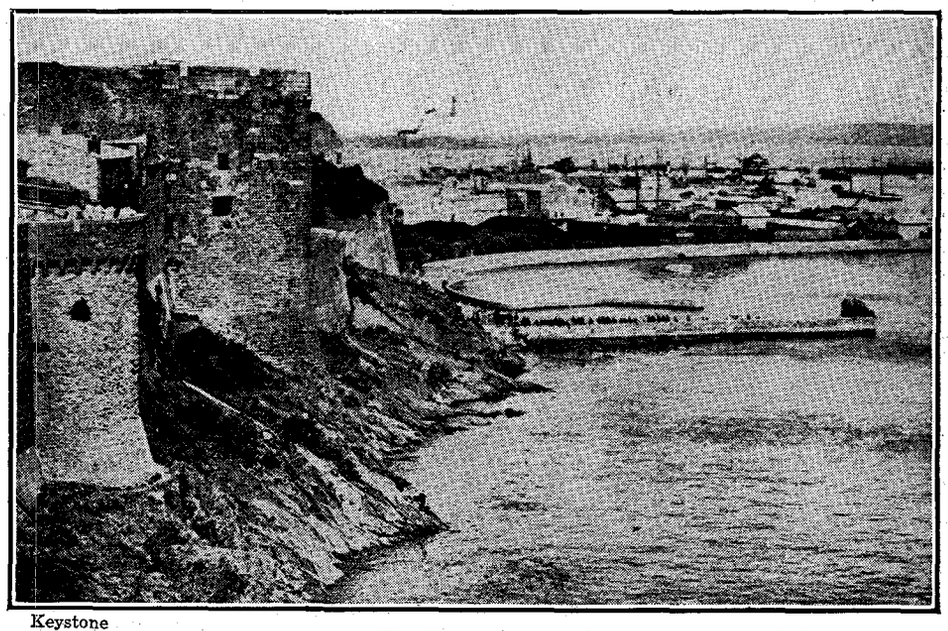
Paris. General Foch asked Pershing for his best available troops. Pershing at once sent in the Third Division to hold the bridges at Château-Thierry and to prevent the Germans from penetrating farther south, and the Second to stop any German advance westward on Paris. Since June 1, while we had been jaunting across France, the Second had been suffering fearful casualties in the memorable battle of Belleau Woods. No American hospital service had been organized back of this part of the line, and the French, because of their great loss of hospitals and materials in the German advance, found themselves unable to care adequately even for their own wounded. An evacuation hospital was urgently needed back of Château-Thierry. Although we were far away in the Vosges, we were the only evacuation hospital in France then available. We had hardly reached Bazoilles-sur-Meuse before the order arrived for us to go back and set up our hospital somewhere northeast of Paris.

Of course, at the time we knew little of this. We understood we were to stay only a day or two at Bazoilles, but we had no very clear idea of where we were going or what we were to do. Meanwhile, we made the most of the day or two at Bazoilles. Our camp was not exciting. It consisted, as has been said, of a great area of portable wooden barracks, made of wooden flats nailed together, most of them still empty and deserted. Near at hand was the encampment of a labor battalion of Annamites (French Indo-Chinese). The village itself, on the cold, weedy Meuse, was dirty, romantic, and interesting. As no American soldier could be expected to pronounce its name, it had by general consent been rechristened with a racy English approximation, which is unfortunately unprintable. Base Hospital Eighteen, the famous Johns Hopkins unit, had long been established here, with its headquarters in the château of the great family of the place (which bore the Scotch name of Drummond and had, in fact, been founded by one of the brave gentlemen exiled for his attachment to the Stuarts), and many additional wooden barracks in service as wards. It was here that we got our first idea of what our work would be like, though the majority of the patients were convalescent gas victims, and we had been trained and equipped for surgery. It was here, moreover, that we heard from the patients our first stories of actual experience at the front.

On Thursday, June 6, we were routed out at three in the morning, had a light mess, and entrained again. Our hospital equipment was still aboard the cars. By ten-thirty we got off on a route that headed for Paris. From Bazoilles, we continued north to Toul, which was then (and remained long after) on the edge of the battle front. Many French soldiers were about, and told us with great concern of the drive on Paris. Planes were patrolling the sky, and that night we saw to the north, only a few miles distant, the flashes of shells and airplane bombs, and heard the dull concussion of their explosion. From Toul we passed through Commercy, Bar-le-Duc, and Vitry-le-Francais. The main line to Paris would normally have taken us through Châlons, Château-Thierry, and Meaux. For a very good reason, this route was out of the question. That night we headed west and south, passing the lines at Coulommiers. On the afternoon of June 7 we arrived in the yards at Le Bourget, in the northern suburbs of Paris, and lay there several hours. This was the nearest the company as a whole ever came to the metropolis of France. From where we lay the Eiffel Tower was clearly visible above the sky line of the great city. Numberless planes were patrolling the sky, in expectation of the nightly air raid. We were too excited to sleep, and sat up to watch for German planes, but none appeared.

Some time about midnight we left the yards, and ran north on the line of Meaux, through Claye and Dammartin to St. Mard, a little station halfway between Paris and Château-Thierry. On the morning of Saturday, June 8, 1918, we marched out of St. Mard, down a long straight shaded road, turning off to the left after some three kilometers into the streets of an old town. . . . We clatter up the narrow ways, turn to the right, and find on our right the village church, almost directly across, a great pile of venerable buildings, evidently some sort of a school. Over the grand old white gateway floats an American flag. Our column turns into the gate, marches along a cobbled drive with a great building on the right and a wall on the left, passes at the corner of the building a great festering heap of bloody bandages and the awful *débris* of the operating room, and comes out on a beautiful greensward upon which many more buildings face. At the end a smiling little lake, on which swans are swimming, reflects the luxuriant foliage of a park of ancient trees, among which strange quaint statues are interspersed. From the nearest building on the right a cathedral-like apse projects toward us, on the gable peak of which a sweetly serious Virgin holds out the swaddled figure of the Divine Child, his arms stretched out in the posture of the Cross. Beside us, old, old stone steps go down to a clear fountain which springs in a sparkling jet from the wall. Ambulances are driving in, feverishly unloading their freight of long brown litters heavy with prostrate forms. We are at the old Collège de Juilly, Seine-et-Marne, and the great battle of Belleau Woods is on.

(To Be Continued)



Keystone

The Harbor at Brest

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No More Swords and Roses

By BERT ROLLER

The author, himself a Southerner, has been examining the "fabulous contribution to culture made by the ante-bellum South." He is not quite sure what it was but he does not sigh with Mr. Hergesheimer at its passing. Mr. Roller is an instructor at the George Peabody College for Teachers

I HAVE READ within the past few years an innumerable number of articles written in defense of the Old South and, at least often, passionately protesting against the inevitable encroachment of industrialism in that section. Most of them came not from voices crying in the wilderness—prophetic voices of those usually quiet people of the human race who, so Emerson told us, are able to step aside into solitude and there find both peace and truth—but, instead, from Southern colleges and universities whose thriving progress is itself a result of the invasion of industrialism in the South. Nothing matters, we are told, but that the ante-bellum glory which Joseph Hergesheimer recently found so appealing, should be preserved. To quote a late commentary by John Crowe Ransom in *Harpers,* "the South is unique on this continent for having founded and defended a culture which was according to the European principles of culture," and so must be defended from all phases of modernity that would destroy its individualism.

Almost a hundred years ago the prophetic voices of New England were crying aloud over the same problem. But their pleas were not for preservation of the European culture so grounded in American life; it was that we forget Europe and live our own lives. "We have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe," said Emerson. "Now we will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds."

I had better say here that I too am a Southerner. All the men of age among my ancestors at the time fought in the Confederate army, and most of them are now dust near some once gory battlefield. My family too has its legendary story—the same story I have heard since boyhood from professional Southerners, usually told when the band starts on "Dixie"—the substance of which lies in the statement that "every piece of family silver was stolen by the Yankees."

Perhaps the reiteration of this story has made me skeptical. Then, too, I have had too many Southern women, from Texas to Carolina, brightly remark to me that they were fully grown before they realized that "damn Yankee" was not one word. Since I was a participant in that grand old farce of a World War and was, as were all the others, forced to make almost impossible adjustments on my return, sectional witticisms based on hatred now seem but obvious revelations of a lack of clear thinking.

As I watch and study the South I am not at all sure that I am able to realize just what this fabulous contribution to culture made by the ante-bellum South was. Perhaps I have been moved too profoundly by the tragedy of its aftermath—a tragedy caused not so much by the Civil War as by the ideals of Southern thinking—ever to see the light. *Swords and Roses* left me hopelessly cold. I could not forget while reading it the gallant but losing fight of a boyhood neighbor, a "Southern gentlewoman" who, so the town said, "had never buttoned her own shoes until she was married," and how, left a widow and penniless, with four small children to support, she turned to manual toil for a living, until work and social ostracism were too much for her.

We did achieve leisure in the Old South. That in itself may become a priceless possession. But what did we do with it? We ate, we slept, we danced, and we went in for oratory and barbecues. Perhaps, as Tom Page extravagantly states, we did produce also in our baronial plantation homes an atmosphere of "old courts and polished halls where all gentlemen bowed low before all ladies, and wore swords to defend their honor." Life, for the aristocracy, must have been very pleasant indeed. Even in death, as they lay beneath the yews and beeches of the family lot, there was for them an utter quietness. But do these things alone constitute the final fruition of good, or right, living? One wonders.

We produced in the South no art beyond the spaciously beautiful plantation home. If we accept Poe and Richard Henry Wilde as outsiders who happened to live in the South during their productive years—and I think we must—there was no real poetry. Even those remarkable innovative women, Margaret J. Preston and Caroline Gilman, came, one from Philadelphia, the other from Boston. Edward Coote Pinkney, it is true, was a Southerner, but only two of his cavalier verses live today. The best of Timrod, Hayne, and Simms came only when the Civil War whipped them into a personal and sectional revelation. Perhaps the bitter words of Paul Hamilton Hayne are correct. Before 1861, he said, poetry, as well as all other literary production, was regarded "as the choice recreation of gentlemen, as something fair and good, to be courted in a dainty amateur fashion." Not often does such literature live beyond its own age.

NEITHER DID WE, in our great leisure, give the world a novel that one reads today. Simms, a best-seller for Godey's readers, is not even published now. If the words of the pre-Civil War reviewers in the South were correct, *The House of Bouverie* was considered the best of all Southern fiction. Even James Wood Davidson, perhaps our only Southern critic before 1861, except Poe, of course, of any degree of astuteness, gave it the lavish praise he later, with the same lack of acumen, bestowed on *St. Elmo.*

Southern painting, sculpture, and music did not exist. Washington Allston, after he deserted the South, achieved some fame as a painter, but today he is only a curiosity; certain sentimental songs of the "Florence Vane" type came from Southern pens, but are hardly known today. Even the charm and pathos of Negro life was not utilized by Southern artists until long after a Pennsylvania songster, Stephen Collins Foster, exploited and popularized them. Our thrilling war song came not from a Southerner, but from a New York minstrel who apparently knew as little of the South as does Joseph Hergesheimer at the present time. When almost all of the rest of the Western world was aflame with new ideas, when experimental schools were being established, when young poets were kicking up such a disturbance that even now the dust is

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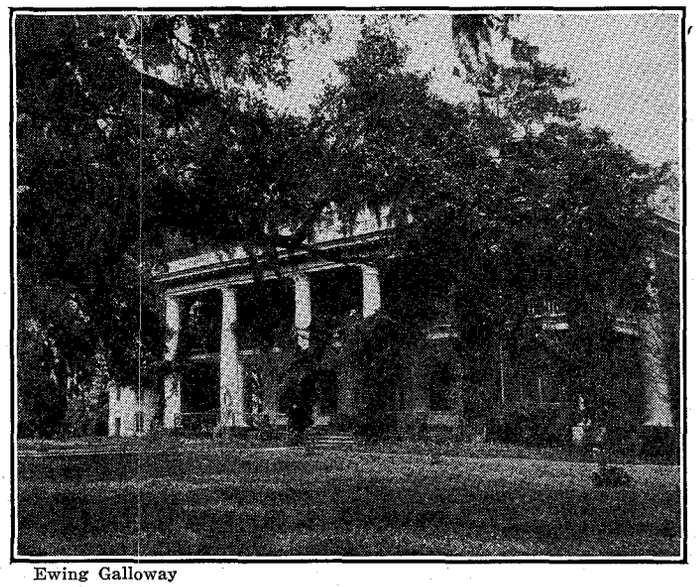
still in our eyes, and when every artist was daring or was nothing, we in the South fed our souls on oratory, blissfully unaware of the fact that, within a few years, an uncultured Westerner would come down to Gettysburg and, with a speech of only ten sentences, show us how very empty was our bombast.

At this time—the three or four decades preceding the Civil War—there was a little town in New England which, according to the journals of four of its most distinguished citizens, was also demanding time for leisure. It, however, wanted leisure after toil. That is, it desired a freedom for intellectual and spiritual life to follow work. It even experimented with colonies of thinkers who believed that perfection in living would be reached through a scheme of work by day and writing and thinking by night. Its ideal was plain living and high thinking, the very antithesis of the Southern luxuriant philandering with realities. Perhaps it was absurdly wrong too. At least, the ideal of its great naturalist, Thoreau, "a bachelor of Nature," would produce chaos, if followed universally. To present a more extreme case, this same belief in plain living and high thinking certainly caused one of the town's great minds, Emerson's "tedious archangel," Bronson Alcott, to write at a time when his family was almost starving, a poem that began:

"Bowls of sunrise for breakfast,
Brimful of the East."

Yet out of this small community, with its ascetic ideal, came our most profound thinker, our greatest novelist, our most remarkable educational innovator, and our foremost naturalist. Out of it came the essays and stories and poems that still occupy the choice part of the American literature shelf. And, as a carrying-over from this intense spiritual intellectualism, the same little town was soon to give us our best-loved writer for children, one of our few geniuses in sculpture, and our only school of philosophy.

The glory of the South lies not in its ante-bellum romance, but in the gallantry with which it faced disaster. It is not Lee the Confederate leader whom we of the New South idealize, but Lee the educator and wise after-war helmsman whose one plea to his people was that of work. Its real romance is that of a troubled people who, in spite of poverty and most appalling problems, went to work for the first time in their lives and builded a new nation. Its old life of fine living and thoughtful courtesy left it one invaluable heritage—that of good taste. That heritage explains, perhaps, the amazing achievement of its young poet, Sidney Lanier, who, with head ever high, battled against disease and poverty until at last he reached a few years of serenity and fulfillment. It undoubtedly explains why a young Virginian, Thomas Nelson Page, was the only chronicler coming out of the Civil War to fictionize it for us, ever with a delicacy that had in it no suggestion of ranting or prejudice. Even so fine a spirit as Miss Alcott could not refrain from a most unfair bigotry when she wrote her war stories for children.



Ewing Galloway

A mansion of the Old South

Facing four years of war, with a ravished land as her only asset, and with the Negro problem on her shoulders, the South went to work. Its almost amazing growth is the result. But its false ethics still remain, too strongly planted even for industrialism and some success to oust completely. Before the Civil War the highest achievement in life lay in complete freedom from all labor, mental as well as physical. An editor was respected but little more than was a tenant farmer. Complete ignorance of how to do things was glorified. "I couldn't even shave myself until the War of '61," an old Confederate aristocrat used to say to us on almost every visit to our home. "That's what niggers were for," he would add. It was a consummate boast.

This is the heritage the South is discarding. Its reverence for old families, just because they are old, also is passing away. It is too busy to care what lies back of one's immediate life.

I was talking recently to the last member of a century-old Georgia family, a highly-trained and very modern teacher in a noted experimental school system. She was telling me of the death of her uncle. Although left with a snug little fortune, as well as the ancestral estate, he died almost in poverty. Yet he had no vices beyond that of lavish hospitality. "He couldn't even work his plantation," she said, "since he was of the Old South and felt that work was disgraceful. So he just rested himself to death."

The pitiful irony of this story, I believe, would have been entirely lost on the older generation of Southerners. Perhaps they would have considered him heroic in his detachment from the modern world and its ways. But for us it is a revelation of the falsity of our once cherished sentiments. Surely no tragedy is more terrible than that of a worthy life that comes to nothing because of the awry thinking of its generation.

But let me give another picture of the modern South. Here we have no people who are "resting" themselves to death.

A few months ago I went back to my boyhood home, the beautiful hill country of southern Tennessee, the most tranquil spot, I am sure, this side of Devonshire. I roamed about among the farms and small villages where, twenty years ago, I gathered blackberries and walnuts and hunted for wild plums. The changes I saw were startling. Gone were all the run-down farms; no longer were scrawny women at work in the fields and unkept children hanging listlessly to the rail fences. In spite of the quietness, there was a touch of brisk modernity about the entire countryside.

I soon learned at least one cause of this surprising aliveness. Down the immaculate highway—in my day it had been no more than a bad country road—

(Please Turn to Page 158)

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The Trend of Events

Anglo-American Accord

THE NAVAL DISARMAMENT agreement between Great Britain and the United States overshadows the delays and disappointments preceding it. Ever since the three-power conference of 1927, the two nations have been bickering over the strength of their navies. During the past four months, they have argued almost without interruption. Now, at long last, they are in accord. The bargain will be pictorially sealed with Premier MacDonald's visit to Washington.

The agreement would justify itself if it did nothing more than eliminate irritation and suspicion between Britain and the United States. Whether it will evolve into a historic milepost on the road to disarmament and tax reduction, or a few charts and diagrams in departmental files, depends on Japan, France, and Italy. Britain and the United States have determined the course they will jointly follow in a five-power conference, but the fate of the disarmament project will not be clear until France, Italy, and Japan join them around a table. Assuming that the conference is successful, assuming that its work is endorsed by the interested Parliaments—even by the United States Senate—the naval treaty will become a part of the League of Nations plan for disarmament on land, on the sea, and in the air.

Usually conciliatory, Japan is expected to say "Me, too," without delay, but Italy and France may make the conference stormy. Both refused to be officially represented in the conference of 1927. France, however, has seemed eager to be invited this year, despite its soreness from the spat with Britain at The Hague. Since British lines of communication with Australia and India pass through their waters, France and Italy might readily quash hopes for disarmament by objecting to trimming their fleets to fit into the Anglo-American scheme.

Even if all parties endorse the project, 1936 may dawn before parity is actually achieved, since it has been found easier to retire, and fail to replace, ships as they reach the age limit than to scrap shiny new vessels already afloat. However, the first step has been taken, at least. At times during the past two years, even that seemed almost too much to expect.

Paying Us a Call

NOT SINCE LINDBERGH'S tour through Latin-America has an international visit of good will aroused such interest as Premier MacDonald's trip to the United States. Setting sail on September 28, the Premier will travel to Washington, not to negotiate a naval agreement, for that has been done, but to celebrate one. Often postponed, once all but abandoned, the visit was not definitely announced until disarmament conversations between Britain and the United States had been practically completed.

IN SHEARER'S BEST MANNER
Cover design of a yellow pamphlet issued last year by the big-navy propagandist

Whatever the Premier and the President may discuss in private, the importance of the trip will lie chiefly in its value as publicity. Apparently its principal purpose is to humanize the new Anglo-American understanding and impress its significance on the British and American publics. It is another stage in the process of dramatizing the naval negotiations, a process begun when Ambassador Dawes spectacularly rushed to Forres, Scotland, the day after his arrival in England. The Premier, doubtless, will parade through miles of ticker tape. He will be interviewed by the press, received by official committees, photographed at the White House shaking the hand of President Hoover. He and the President may even make an appearance before the microphone, and another for the talkies. By the time he leaves, public interest in, and enthusiasm for, disarmament will probably be greater than they were when he arrived.

In all likelihood the Premier seeks not so much personal glory as popular support. When and if a disarmament treaty is formulated, it must be approved by the British Parliament and by the United States Senate. Lacking a majority in the House of Commons, the Laborites may be deposed at will by a combination of Liberals and Conservatives. As for the Senate, it has its doubts about everything connected with abroad. Both Congress and Parliament, however, are extremely sensitive to public opinion. Whatever popular zeal for disarmament is created by the pageantry of the Premier's visit to Washington, therefore, may yet come in handy.

Mr. Shearer

WHEN PREMIER MACDONALD reaches the Capital the Senate's inquiry into the Shearer case will be going full blast. This in itself suggests the ineffectiveness of recent big-navy propaganda. The intimation that Mr. Shearer broke down the Geneva conference of 1927 cannot be taken seriously. The causes of that failure went deeper than the work of any lobbyist.

The Senate did well to limit the inquiry to the Shearer affair, refusing to extend it to naval propaganda in general. The investigators will have plenty to do as it is. It is up to them to determine Mr. Shearer's connection with the League's Preparatory Disarmament Conference of 1926, with the Geneva conference of 1927, with officers of the Navy, and with American shipbuilders.

Three shipbuilding companies admit hiring Mr. Shearer to go to Geneva as an observer-reporter—an admission which Senator Borah calls an insult to the intelligence of the American people. Mr. Shearer himself maintains that he

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was hired to carry on all the familiar activities of a propagandist. He likewise maintains that everything he did at Geneva had the approval of the National Council of American Shipbuilders. Denying this, the President of the Council asserts that his organization "never paid Mr. Shearer a penny and never had any connection or dealings with him."

Mr. Shearer further declares that naval officers asked him to work for more cruisers in 1924, that he was officially supplied with naval intelligence data in 1926, and that he used confidential information from the Navy at the conference of 1927, when, he says, he was being paid by the shipyards. It would be interesting to learn how faithful to fact is this piquant picture of the Navy and the shipbuilders secretly working through Mr. Shearer to oppose a foreign policy of the Government.

The sub-committee of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee will have its hands full if it makes a thorough examination of these and related matters, attempting to produce the whole story of Mr. Shearer's work for bigger and better armaments. There will be plenty of time later on for investigations into other samples of armament propaganda and into propaganda as a whole.

Down Gastonia Way

In and about Charlotte, North Carolina, events moved swiftly after Juror Campbell's insanity ended the trial of sixteen strike leaders for the murder of Police Chief Aderholt of Gastonia. Judge Barnhill's announcement of a mistrial affected different people differently. Unprejudiced observers wondered whether the jury system had not received another telling blow. Here, they thought, was a case in which the thirteen men defendants faced death, the three women defendants long imprisonment. Here was a case conducted by determined prosecution and defense counsel, presided over by a just and able judge, presented before a jury selected with extraordinary care. Yet here too was a case in which a man of unbalanced mind sat among the twelve jurors entrusted with thirteen lives, and served a full day after signs of his condition became manifest.

Taking another train of thought, many Carolinians concluded that the mistrial demanded a demonstration of Southern chivalry. Stirred by the news that several jurors had been for acquittal, a mob collected, boarded cars, and swept through Gastonia and Charlotte, stopping occasionally to raid a strikers' headquarters or boarding-house or to kidnap an agitator. One of the three men kidnapped was mercilessly thrashed.

This was a bit too much; the State promptly began action to discover and punish the mob's ringleaders, realizing, perhaps, that otherwise its protestations of fairness toward the Communists would be generally accepted as a joke. Thus North Carolina, which had been prosecuting Communists, found itself prosecuting anti-Communists.

A few days after the mob outbreak, Charlotte police, raiding a strikers' rooming-house, discovered several shotguns—for which permits are unnecessary in North Carolina—and much ammunition. Hence eight men, including two of those who had been kidnapped, were for a few days charged with conspiring to hold public meetings for the purpose of disseminating Communist doctrines in order to overthrow the State Government in Mecklenburg and Gaston Counties. *Aria da capo.* North Carolina rounded the circle and found itself prosecuting Communists again.

Then another attack of gallantry seized anti-Communist demonstrators, who fired a shower of bullets into a truck carrying a score of textile workers, killing a woman. Hence seven men have been charged with conspiring to commit murder. Governor Gardner announces that the State intends to uphold the law against all acts of violence and terrorism. It may get a little dizzy doing so.

Remarkable Remarks

The city is far behind the country. Our job is trying to educate the city people, to give them a chance to catch up with the people in the rural districts.—F. Scott McBride.

The fact is there is too large a number of people unfriendly to the eighteenth amendment.—Mabel Walker Willebrandt.

The prohibition forces need somebody to shut them up and teach them how to work.—Henry Ford.

All my life I have wanted to live up over a store in the tenement district. It seems to me that there one lives closest to the pulse of life.—O. O. McIntyre

Every representative American of today—is a Behaviorist at heart whether he knows and acknowleges it or not.—Count Hermann Keyserling.

Americans are crazy people.—Ralph Barton.

The average member of the theatre-going public is not unlike the old lady who asked a library for a nice love story minus sex.—John Van Druten.

There are men who do not like talk of sex or writings on sex. There are men who have dyspepsia and can no longer eat.—George Jean Nathan.

We have finally discovered a vital fact about Andy Mellon's new reduced dollar bills. The boys who got the old ones are the boys who will get the new ones.—"Bugs" Baer

Status of CPUSA

Let affairs in North Carolina continue on their fantastic course, and Gastonia may yet be the site of a plaque bearing the words, "This marks the real birthplace of the Communist party in America." Since persecution enlivens any movement and creates sympathy for, as well as converts to, its principles, violent enemies of Communism are capable of becoming its best friends.

Those whose blood freezes at the thought of the Red menace, however, need not be unduly alarmed. As fast as Gastonia builds up the Communist party, internal dissension tears it apart. Far from being the happy family it logically should be, welded together by the strength of its opposition, CPUSA (Communist Party of the United States of America) is a hot-bed of factionalism, capable of seemingly endless bickering over real or fancied heresies among its members, groping through a maze of plots and counterplots among adherents of Right, Left, and Center.

Jay Lovestone, leader of the Right group, recently ousted from power and summoned to Russia, is back in New York again. He is blamed for the recent raid on Communist national headquarters, when records, statistics, and secret cablegrams from Russia vanished from the office. "Right" machinations were again detected and roundly criticized by CPUSA in the pro-Jewish attitude taken by some Communist papers which commented on the rioting in Palestine. CPUSA admits that, bedeviled by heresies and political confusion, it is "unprepared for its tasks."

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While this argues badly for the immediate future of Communism in America, it makes things all the more interesting when viewed from the sidelines. We may yet see a contest to determine whether Southern Gastonias can urge the cause forward faster than internal troubles can hold it back.

▶▶*Showman*

CAESARS' CIRCUSES thrilled the people of Rome. John T. Ringling's thrill the people of America. A few small, independent shows float precariously around the country. The rest belong to Ringling. Not content with owning the Greatest Show on Earth in the Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey Combined Circus, he has purchased the five superlatively splendid and superb productions of the American Circus Corporation—the John Robinson, Spark's, Al. G. Barnes, and Sells-Floto Circuses and the Hagenbeck Animal Show.

Ringling was born with the mark of a trouper. While still in short pants he, with his four brothers, Al, Otto, Charles, and Alf—sons of a small-town, Mid-West harness-maker—formed the Ringling Brothers Comedy Concert Co., furnishing a "moral, elevating, instructive, and fascinating concert and variety performance" for the delectation of Northwestern farmers and miners. Self-trained musicians, they tooted and fiddled the popular ballads of the day, besides individually exhibiting their other talents. Al got to be quite a juggler. John could clown and sing.

Prospering, they organized a one-ring tent show. Prospering still, they began to buy out rivals. First the John Robinson Circus, eventually the Forepaugh-Sells Brothers Circus, finally the Barnum and Bailey Circus. Meanwhile, John traveled the length and breadth of the land, estimating the economic possibilities of towns and cities. A depression had hit this section; the long line of red cars skirted it. A boom had hit that one; the red cars filed eagerly in. They say John can put his hand out of a Pullman window and tell where he is by the feel of the air.

The road sees him rarely nowadays. Efficient subordinates preside over the tigers and the tickets, the canvas and the acrobats, the sawdust and the lovely lady bareback-riders. John stays close to his New York office or his tony mansion in Florida, collecting not only dollars and circuses, but art as well. In art collecting his enthusiasm knows no bounds. Another man might have tried to buy Jacques Louis David's famous painting, "Marat Assassinated." Not John. He bought the very bathtub Marat was sitting in when Charlotte Corday stabbed and killed him.

▶▶*U. S. E.*

MANY BRICKS MUST be added before the proposed United States of Europe rests on a firm foundation. The "little cornerstone," which Premier Briand laid "between a pear and some cheese" at a luncheon in Geneva, is but a beginning. The first row of bricks will be put down when the Premier submits further details of his plan to the twenty-seven interested nations, together with a questionnaire designed to elicit their opinions of it, all of which will serve as the basis for a report. Still another row may be laid next September, when representatives of these nations return to Geneva empowered to discuss the report.

Underwood

BIG BOSS OF BIG TOP

John Ringling becomes czar of circus world by buying out all his rivals

A European federation is more than a visionary ideal. Significantly warm approval has been given Briand's plan for an economic, political, and social union binding the nations of Europe to recognize their interdependence without abandoning their sovereignty. Europe cannot slight M. Briand's fundamental purpose of increasing both security and prosperity. The receding wave of nationalism encourages demands that criss-crossing tariff walls, dividing the Continent into little Chinese Empires, be lowered if not levelled. Advantages for the U. S. E. are seen in the free-trade conditions within the U. S. A. Many believe that the plan might at least bring about the abandonment of visas and the adoption of uniform stamps and currency.

Mr. Henderson of Great Britain, himself a representative of a federation of commonwealths, has demonstrated less enthusiasm for the proposal than some of the other Foreign Ministers. Possibly he accepts with reservations M. Briand's assurance that the plan involves nothing but advantages for other unions—the British Empire, the United States, and Soviet Russia. Yet even he thought that the federation might help to make the eight-hour working day standard throughout Europe.

However humble its beginnings, the federation might be expected to grow stronger as it grew older. Even now, representatives of some European countries, notably Stresemann of Germany, Marinkovitch of Yugoslavia, and Benes of Czechoslovakia, are urging that it have a political as well as an economic basis.

▶▶*Scenario from Monaco*

SCENE: THE LITTLE principality of Monaco, overlooking the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Characters: the Prince of Monaco, his beautiful adopted daughter, the Princess Charlotte, leaders of the National Council and Communal Council, assorted Monegasque republican agitators, society wastrels from all parts of the world.

Princess Charlotte, convalescing from a serious illness, learns that a revolution is afoot. Prince Louis, threatened by angry subjects seeking to overthrow him and establish a republic under the protection of France, has fled to Marseilles. In his pocket is the revolu-

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tionists' ultimatum. He must accept their demands or face the consequences.

Her critical condition forgotten, the Princess summons her maid. They must be off at once for Marseilles to save the throne. Physicians protest. The hands of the faithful servant tremble as she dresses the Princess in traveling costume. There is the breathless trip to Marseilles, the impassioned interview with the Prince, and, finally, the triumphant return. Summoning her strength, the Princess reads to the waiting delegation her father's favorable reply to their ultimatum. He will establish a council, elected by popular vote, to confer with him on all important matters of State. The domains of the ruling houses will be defined, and Monegasques will be given fuller representation in the management of the Casino at Monte Carlo and in other State activities.

The delegation bows, withdraws to Monte Carlo, summons other republican leaders. While, hard by, in the glittering Casino, butterfly Society risks fabulous sums on the spin of a wheel, the revolutionists hold conclave. Is the Prince's reply satisfactory? As the sky pales in the East, as jewelled ladies and reckless gentlemen stumble from the Casino, some to seek sleep, some, alas, to face financial ruin, the patriots end their conference. They will give royalty another chance.

All ready? Miss Bow as Charlotte, Mr. Menjou as Louis—ready? What's that—there is no hero? What can you expect, taking a scenario from real life? Write in a part for Maurice Chevalier. Make him the son of the chief revolutionist, with plenty of chance to serenade. All set? Camera.

▶▶*Water Power*

CRYING, "MAINE SHALL not be made a power station," voters of the Pine Tree State have opposed the exportation of Maine water power. Decisively, they have defeated a proposal to permit specially formed corporations to sell surplus power outside the State. Though one voice favoring the proposal was the voice of the popular Governor Gardiner, many rural as well as urban voters suspected that the hand might be the hand of Samuel Insull.

Then the scene shifted to New York State. There it was announced that the Niagara-Hudson Power Corporation, the $450,000,000 superpower concern recently formed by J. P. Morgan and Company, had purchased the Frontier Corporation. Already in control of installations of 1,700,000 horsepower capacity at Niagara Falls and other points, the Morgan system now gains rights on the American and Canadian sides of the St. Lawrence River along the Long Sault Rapids, capable of developing 2,400,000 horsepower. In short, it now controls nearly every important waterpower site in New York.

Keystone

M. BRIAND

Who has aroused international interest with his plan for a United States of Europe

Since the Morgan system already connects New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and the Southern and Southeastern States almost without a break, and is rumored to be planning expansion into New England, news of the merger indicates what Senator Walsh of Montana calls "another long step in the direction of unified control of the power possibilities of the nation." It is a movement, Senator Walsh adds, "to which the general public seems to be not only indifferent but apathetic."

At mention of Long Sault Rapids, however, New York State may prick up its ears—next year, if not now. New York has heard those words before, notably in 1926, when application by the Frontier Corporation for permission to develop Long Sault power caused a bitter political controversy which enlivened the campaign between Governor Smith and Ogden L. Mills. Mr. Smith took a decided stand against empowering private companies to develop water power sites, favoring their development under State auspices. As a result of his opposition, the application was withdrawn.

Since doubt has been expressed that the new owners of the Frontier Corporation will make a second application during the present term of Governor Roosevelt, who also favors public rather than private development, it becomes probable that water power will be a leading issue in next year's State campaign. It seems likely that Governor Roosevelt, a possible Democratic Presidential candidate in 1932, will again run for Governor in 1930. Will he run brandishing the club of another trust-buster of the same name?

▶▶*Signals*

IT WILL BE FINE, at football games this season, when the newly-devised wig-wag system by field officials gets under way. When there is a touchdown, an official will hold up both arms; he will cross both hands over his head to signify a touchback, hold them straight in front of him for interference. Other gestures will stand for dead ball, missed goal, or penalty declined. Still others will inform a breathless stadium that the penalty was for holding, roughing, or piling on. Of course, all this assumes that onlookers will have learned what the signals mean. It also assumes that they know what connection the facts interpreted have with the game of football.

But it will be fine anyway. It should silence forever the tenth fan in every odd row who knows what is going on and tells every one within earshot. Also the tenth fan in every even row who thinks differently and likes nothing better than a good argument. With the battling confined to the two teams on the field, football should become comparatively restful.

Innovation may not stop with the sidelines. Once mastered, the new signals should have rooting value as well. Sportsmanship has never permitted rooters for Dear Old X to urge

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Dear Old Y to miss that goal. Yet what is to prevent the X side from sitting with hands quietly crossed in the missed goal signal? From now on, when Y's half-back streaks down the field with the ball, Y rooters need not confine themselves to roars. Let them supplicate him doubly by shouting with arms upraised in the signal, "Touchdown." This will give football fans more to do.

▸▸Two Left-Overs

When the Hague reparations conference approved the Young plan in principle and adjourned so that members might attend the tenth League Assembly, it left several problems untackled. One concerns the Bank for International Settlements, another the Saar.

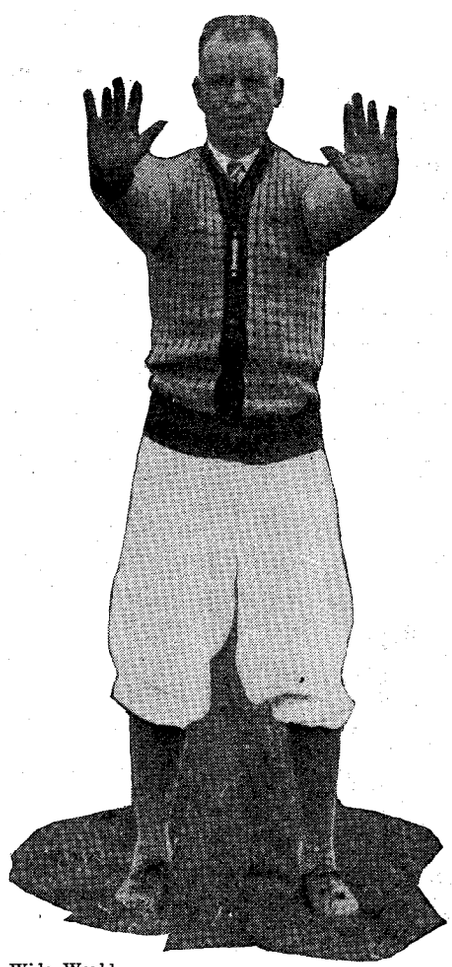
Bitter rows may develop over the location and powers of the so-called world bank. London wants the bank in London; the Continent wants it on the Continent. Moreover, the scrappy Mr. Snowden informed Hague conferees still groggy from his other blows that he alone demanded seventeen amendments to the bank plan outlined by the Young committee. Foreseeing trouble, the conferees deferred it by authorizing a sub-committee to meet after the conference adjourned and formulate statutes for the bank, which may assume far broader functions than that of handling reparations payments. The sub-committee's two American members, unofficial, of course—officially unofficial—are President Reynolds of the First National Bank of New York, and President Traylor of the First National Bank of Chicago.

German and French representatives, deliberating the destiny of the Saar, have been trying to agree on a method of compensating France for returning Saar coal mines to Germany. Since the Hague conference determined that all British, Belgian, and French troops must be out of the Rhineland by June 30, 1930, the Saar furnishes the last problem of occupied territory. Under the Versailles Treaty its thirty coal mines were given to France as reparation for French coal mines destroyed by Germany during the War. The district, which is about half as large as Rhode Island, is governed by the League of Nations.

The treaty provides that a plebiscite be held in 1935 to determine whether the Saar should revert to Germany, be acquired by France, or remain under the rule of the League. Undoubtedly, the inhabitants overwhelmingly favor union with Germany. Hence, it may be assured that, now that the Rhineland is being evacuated, France and Germany will find a way of returning the Saar to the Reich long before the date of the plebiscite.

▸▸Professor Rogers Again

His appetite for unpopularity still sharp, Professor Rogers of Massachusetts Institute of Technology is back in the headlines. Last June he jerked



Wide World

INTERFERENCE

Coach Alexander of Georgia Tech demonstrating the new code which interprets the game to football fans

graduating engineers bolt upright in their chairs by advising them to become snobs. Now he stirs the National Business Conference at Babson Park, Massachusetts, by declaring that American thinking is feminine thinking, that many Americans remain children, intellectually, through maturity, incompetent to think politically and philosophically. The reason, he says, is that for fifty years most of our young people have been trained by women teachers.

Add to this the opinion, voiced at the recent Congress of Psychologists at Yale University, that wedded life tends to make a man's mentality feminine, and it's out of the frying pan into the fire for American men. The law sends them to grade schools. Society and inclination send most of them to the altar. The precious intermediate years must be devoted to attending football games, learning golf, and getting started in business—all, alas, in proximity to women. Even war, last refuge of undiluted masculinity, has been outlawed.

▸▸Theatrical Publicity

Niles Alfred Bruce, research worker at the Columbia University School of Journalism, peered up Broadway after dark in search of the truth about publicity. He concluded that publicity merely helps a successful play to be more successful and that no amount of publicity or of praise from dramatic critics can force the public to accept a play it does not want. Possibly the lights of the Great White Way shone in his eyes.

If publicity is to roll down its sleeves, don a neat, dark suit, and enter the classroom, it must first be defined. Let it represent everything relating to a given play or its actors which appears in print. On one hand are the reviews of dramatic critics. Taking a hundred plays, Mr. Bruce balanced newspaper reviewers' enthusiasm with subsequent box-office receipts, and decided that favorable reviews are by no means an index to a show's success. Undoubtedly most theatrical producers, notably Anne Nichols, will agree.

But on the other hand there is publicity proper, most of it carefully planned, some of it accidental, all of it profitable. A publicity stunt having to do with chorus girls in bathing suits recently lengthened the life of an ailing musical show by many months. Helen Morgan's appearance in court boosted business for "Show Boat" when that production was ready to close. An actress interestingly married, a rumor that a play is to be suppressed, a robbery, lawsuit, scandal, or human-interest appeal—too many box offices have felt these stimuli for them to be doubted.

In questioning whether publicity can foist on the public a play it does not want, Mr. Bruce assumes that the public knows what it wants. Whereas the public has no idea. Neither have publicity experts; their task is to make the public want what they have to offer.

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If they cover their tracks sufficiently to make them invisible to the academic eye—well, after all, they are experts.

Working One's Way

ANOTHER RESEARCH WORKER at Columbia, Thomas E. Nevine, has made a study of the effects of part-time employment on school children. His findings tend to disprove the popular assumption that work never hurt any one; that boys and girls earning their way become models of self-reliance, ambition, and enterprise; that education "takes" better when the student, instead of his father, pays the bills.

Mr. Nevine concluded that, barring urgent economic necessity, it is best to discourage children from seeking after-school employment. He found that working retarded school progress and that working students habitually had relatively low grades. If they developed self-reliance, this, he thought, should be reflected in their conduct ratings. Yet the larger percentage of high conduct marks came from the non-working group. He was unable to find any relation between work and intelligence, but believed the intelligence of working students to be retarded by strains resulting from lack of healthy exercise.

That these findings apply also to students working their way through universities is indicated by a recent statement of Dean Gildersleeve of Barnard College, who declared that employment frequently impairs the student's health, as well as his academic standing. It is pertinent to recall a statement attributed to Herbert Hoover in Will Irwin's "Reminiscent Biography:" "I suppose it is good for some boys to make their way through college. Teaches them to buckle down. But in my case, I'm sure I'd have made myself a better all-round man if I hadn't lost so much time just making a living."

Needless to say, if working through college developed boys into Presidents, fewer parents would be paying tuitions. Unfortunately, this is not the case. Students lacking money but fitted by health, character, or brilliance to work their way are right to do so. They will get much, though probably not all, that college has to offer. But, for every one of these, numbers of working students risk failure and physical breakdown, besides wasting time in the effort to get a degree which, in many cases, simply isn't worth it.

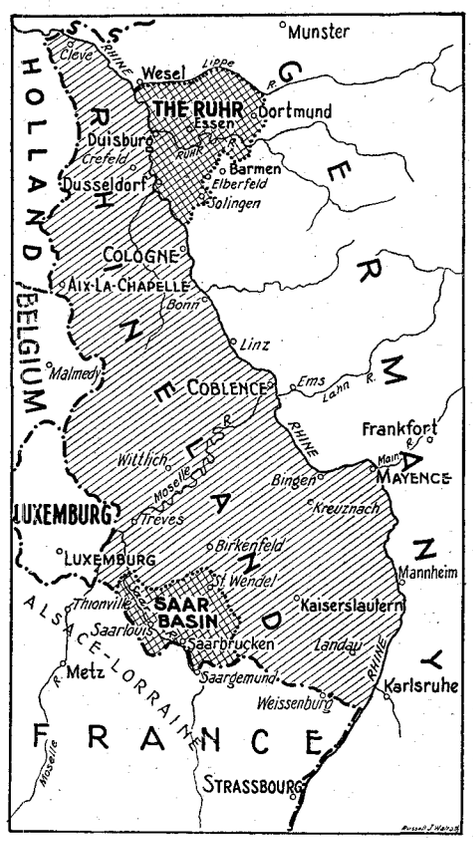
New Third Party

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS, agreed a group of thoughtful men and women, is not so much a good five cent cigar as a good political party of opposition. So saying, they founded the League for Independent Political Action. On the committee formed to organize a new party are James Maurer, Socialist candidate for Vice-President last year; Zona Gale, author; W. E. B. Du Bois, Negro leader; Devere Allen of *The World Tomorrow;* Professor Douglas of the University of Chicago, and Rev. Harold Y. Williams.

For issues, the League has gone to many sources, including platforms of parties dead and alive. It favors public ownership of utilities, as do the Socialists, Philippine independence, as did Bryan, the abolition of labor injunctions and "yellow dog" contracts, as did La Follette, and the elimination of causes of war, as who does not? It stands for farm relief on virtually a free-trade basis, unemployment and health insurance, old-age pensions, and high progressive taxes on incomes, inheritances, and increases in land values.

No party of opposition exists, it says, persuasively enough. The Democrats, warring among themselves, disagree with the Republicans on nothing fundamental. Despite the spirited ink-spilling of the Shouse-Michelson publicity bureau, sustained, vital criticism of the party in power is conspicuously lacking. But can the League fill the obvious hole in our political system? On first sight, its officers seem better qualified to produce a highly intellectualized platform written with literary flourishes than to go grubbing around for all-important votes. Which of them is to see what the boys in the back room will have?

A member of the League should be able to stand on the Socialist platform without embarrassment. Moreover, the Socialist party already has what the League hopes to establish—disciplined organizations in strategic centers. In Milwaukee and elsewhere, it has won municipal elections. It has sent representatives to State Legislatures and to Congress. If the League is dissatisfied with both the Republican and Democratic parties, what's the matter with the Socialists? Are its officers so typically American that they shy away from the name "Socialism" even while embracing Socialist tenets?



MUCH-MOOTED GROUND

With the Rhineland question settled, attention shifts to the Saar

In Brief

AN IOWA JURY HAS COME to the conclusion that bay rum is a palatable and intoxicating beverage. When a State has had prohibition as long as Iowa, its drinking standards are apt to grow a little shaky . . . . The Senate has postponed settling the case of Senator-elect Vare until the December session of Congress. Apparently the Senate decided that, since the case has lasted as long as it has, it might as well be allowed to round out an even century . . . . Joseph R. Grundy of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association protests against what he terms a lack of protection for industry in the pending tariff bill, which seems to make it a perfect case of Mr. Grundy against the world . . . . The day of hairy, skull-cracking politics slips into the past. Here is former Police Commissioner Enright of New York, who wants to be Mayor, charging that Jimmie Walker's Administration spends money like "inebriate men of the sea." . . . . Mr. Shearer cheerfully admits that he "nursed along" his title of naval expert, not on his own ability, "but on the lack of knowledge of naval affairs shown by Congress." This is the kind of remark which Congress may be depended upon to pass over in dignified silence . . . . By pedalling steadily for 38 hours and 21

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minutes, a New York man has succeeded in riding a bicycle longer than any one else ever succeeded in riding a bicycle. Furthermore, by navigating 900 miles of sea between Juneau, Alaska, and Seattle, Washington, a Los Angeles man has succeeded in sailing a small skin canoe farther than any one else ever succeeded in sailing a small skin canoe . . . .

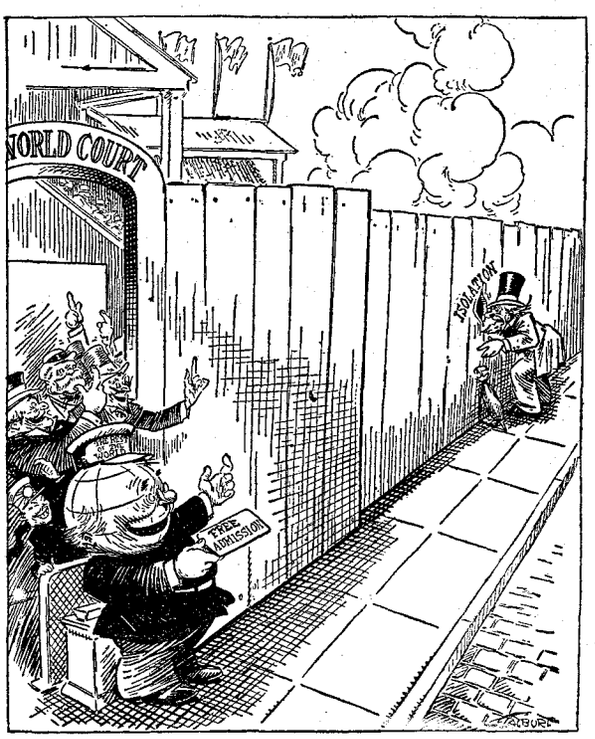
Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE THINK we note an improved atmosphere around the State Department which does credit to Secretary Stimson and Under-Secretary Cotton, the eminent New York lawyers entrusted with the conduct of foreign affairs under the most internationally-minded President since Woodrow Wilson. There is more common sense and less sentimentality in their attitude toward world problems than we have observed in many years; to our mind, these two rough-and-ready officials are practical to the point of ruthlessness. Their predecessors, we recall, either shrank from or shouldered their way clumsily into the china closet of international problems left over from the World War; they were afflicted with nervousness or numbness.

Were we a President—of a nation or a corporation—we would prefer the Stimson-Cotton firm to any we have seen here since John Hay's day. We know they would not yield an inch on vital questions, but we also know they would not haggle over non-essentials, as their predecessors were wont to do. Had Calvin Coolidge had them for advisers during the 1927 Geneva conference, we believe that all the William B. Shearers in the hire of the ship-building companies could not have thwarted an agreement. Going back to the 1922 parley, we share the general belief that the United States came off second best largely because of the sentimentality of Warren G. Harding and the susceptibility of Mr. Hughes to smug suggestions that any kind of a treaty would be better—for himself as well as for the Administration—than none at all. We would not deprecate Mr. Hughes's performance or the purpose of the Washington conference, but we cannot escape the conviction that on occasion he outmaneuvered himself as well as the United States.

We realize there is a tendency to disparage the Hoover-MacDonald agreement which will be the basis for discussion at the December parley, but we think these critics quite misunderstand the situation. Indeed, we cite the preliminary understanding as evidence of qualities we like in the Hoover-Stimson-Cotton team, even though it be a distinct disappointment in comparison with the first hopes which Mr. Hoover raised. Immediate reduction will, of course, be negligible. We will emerge with a fleet of approximately 1,200,000 tons, as will Great Britain. We must complete almost all our present cruiser program to attain parity in this class of warship. There will be no dramatic sinking of vessels off the Virginia Capes like that of six years ago. But there will be limitation and stabilization, as well as a gradual reduction by making replacements unnecessary. The prospect is even brighter if one takes a far-sighted view, as Stimson and Cotton recommended. With President Hoover they think that termination of the disarmament race, even though at an advanced stage in the international rivalry, may have so salutary an effect on public opinion and Anglo-American relations that the 1936 conference may result in more revolutionary reduction of navies. Their willingness to chance cavilling at home and abroad as they press on toward the distant ideal of disarmament constitutes statesmanship of a courageous and intelligent kind, to our mind. Smaller—or, perhaps, bigger—men would not be capable of it.



Talburt in The New York Telegram

Sticking to our knothole

We find more tolerance, more liberalism in the State Department these days. We liked the willingness to waive the oath of bearing arms when Dorothy Detzer sought a passport to Europe, even though it infuriated the superpatriots whose mimeographs were once available to Mr. Shearer. The really fine relations existing with the Labor Government in England, the elimination of petty difficulties which all but brought us to the brink of war with Mexico during the Coolidge Administration, the brusque intervention in the Russo-Chinese dispute, the rumors of eventual recognition of Russia—these things, we think, denote different philosophy from that which prevailed under Kellogg, or even under Hughes.

Messrs. Stimson and Cotton are free of a fault which, with nations even more than with individuals, frequently leads to strife and misunderstanding. They have no affectation or false pride; they do not put on side. If anything, they err on the side of plainness, frankness. We hear that Stimson, when asked if his announcement of a disarmament agreement meant there would be no more note-writing, replied with a quiet chuckle: "Have any of you ever carried on a correspondence with Ambassador Dawes?" Mr. Cotton, we understand, is even more blunt. When pert Senator Moses, apparently putting on some senatorial side, suggested at a recent welcoming dinner party that the newcomer ought to enjoy his opportunity to mingle with the tinselled figures of officialdom, the vigorous Mr. Cotton answered:

"Oh, I don't know"—pointing to Ogden L. Mills, another New Yorker—"Until two weeks ago I had never heard of anybody in this room except him."

A. F. C.

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Exploring the Air

An Editorial by Charles G. Abbot

TWO AIR-PLANES were reported struck by lightning in the southwest lately, with the loss of all on board excepting one man who was fortunate enough to spread his parachute between two intervals of insensibility due to shock. Are we to picture the air as the lair of a lurking demon, apt to pounce on the puny craft of man who has the temerity to invade his domain?

Lightning rods date from the days of Franklin's celebrated kite experiment of one hundred and eighty years ago. The theory of their use is that flashes of lightning result from differences of voltage between the earth and a cloud above. If these differences become great enough the disruptive flash of electricity follows the path of least resistance, which may include a building or any other work of man. To avoid this destructive heaping up of opposite electricities in cloud and earth the lightning rod, in good contact with earth and metal parts of the building, is provided with numerous sharp points from which a continuous harmless brush discharge keeps passing, and thus generally keeps down the voltage difference within safe limits. So effective is this protection, as statistics collected in Canada some years ago show, that of equal numbers of rodded and unrodded buildings nine times as many of the unrodded as of the rodded ones were injured by lightning.

The principle of the lightning rod is used on the road, as we often see, to avoid explosions of gasoline in tank-trucks. The rapid rolling of the rubber-clad wheels on the pavement is apt to produce an electric charge of the tank with respect to the ground. Hence a metal chain, well connected to the metal frame of the truck, dangles on the road, so as to keep the voltage down below the point where a spark might pass to fire the explosive gasoline vapor.

In the case of the air-plane there is a long trail of gaseous products of combustion, nearly invisible, but well-loaded with electric ions, so as to conduct electricity much better than the surrounding air. Should a pair of clouds of quite unequal voltage be encountered, the air-plane traversing the gap between them lays down this conducting path in its discharge of products of combustion, and so invites a flash. Of its fatal consequence we have lately learned.

Perhaps engineers will see a way to apply the principle of the lightning rod for the greater safety of air transportation.

A few weeks ago Dr. Goddard's rocket was "first-page stuff." With some excuse owing to prior publications which discussed theoretical possibilities, the reporters jumped to the conclusion that Goddard had attempted a flight to the moon under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution and had failed. The real facts were that there was being made the most successful test thus far of a sound and highly ingenious device to explore the upper air. The plan is to provide a rocket with a powerful jet of flame fed by the combustion of liquid hydrocarbons in liquid oxygen, and so long maintained as to drive the rocket to heights far above those hitherto penetrated by free balloons. Thus it will become possible to measure the temperature, pressure, and humidity; to take samples to give the atmospheric composition; and to expose photographs to the extreme ultra-violet spectrum of the sun in regions of the atmosphere hitherto as little known as was the geography of the South Pole before Amundsen and Scott.

Beside this, the rocket may be set for moderate heights, and thus will be available to secure within five minutes measurements of the atmospheric electricity and the temperature, pressure, and humidity of the air within the usual paths of air-planes. Hitherto such data could be obtained only by inference from ground conditions, supplemented with such fragmentary observations as tedious kite and balloon flying and the haphazard recovery of free balloons might supply.

A few words will suffice to indicate why we take so keen an interest in these investigations of the upper air. From the ground upward the density of the atmosphere steadily diminishes until at the highest regions known through the flights of free unmanned balloons (about twenty-five miles) the barometric pressure is only a thousandth part of that at sea-level, and the density correspondingly small. The composition of the air too gradually changes. Water-vapor, on whose presence we depend for rain and for our escape from a fatal drop of temperature between day and night, is more than nine-tenths left behind before we reach the level of the summit of Mont Blanc. Only traces of water-vapor exist in the higher atmosphere. Carbonic acid gas, the food of plants, also greatly thins out. Some change occurs also in the proportions of the permanent gases, oxygen and nitrogen. The atmospheric temperature rapidly declines as we leave the earth's surface, then more gradually diminishes till it becomes stationary at seven miles altitude with a minimum of about sixty degrees minus Fahrenheit.

Scientists would very much like to know whether hydrogen and helium, those light gases which continually escape from the earth's surface, form considerable proportions of the higher air. They would wish to examine the distribution of the ozone layer, known to exist beyond the utmost reach of present balloon observation. On this ozone layer our life depends, for it cuts off the fatally burning rays of the extreme ultra-violet spectrum, although if it were all brought to sea-level the ozone would form a gaseous layer no thicker than a sheet of cardboard. On the other hand, we have hitherto been shut off by the impenetrability to extreme ultra-violet rays of this ozone layer from ever photographing the most interesting part of the sun's spectrum. Finally, there remains the mystery of the atmospheric temperature—at what height does it again begin its descent toward the cold of space? Wonderfully interesting results, therefore, may be anticipated when Dr. Goddard's rocket, armed with automatic apparatus and protected by a parachute from dashing to destruction, penetrates the unexplored regions of the higher atmosphere.

Aviation has made the problems of the air—its composition, currents, and varying pressure and temperature—more interesting and practical than ever before. Charles G. Abbot, D.Sc., astrophysicist and secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, and author of studies of solar radiation and its effect on climate, and other works, writes from knowledge based on years of continuous research in this field.

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Carry Nation Wets

By EDNA YOST

The author, though opposed to the 18th Amendment, finds that the behavior of certain Wets is undermining her faith. She thinks that there is too much defiant drinking and too little sober consideration of measures that will appeal to those citizens who are neither fanatically wet nor fanatically dry and who, therefore hold the balance of power.

Miss Yost is a frequent contributor to the magazines

SOME MONTHS AGO I was invited to a party which at the last moment I was unable to attend. Various friends called up days later to congratulate me on my absence. It seems that the host, a generous gentleman and ardent nullificationist, had been misled by his supposedly reliable bootlegger, with the result that the participants of his hospitality had, as one of them expressed it, "been on the blink" for forty-eight hours.

Then one evening I was having dinner with a friend who had attended the party, and was surprised to learn that she had gone bone dry. As accurately as I can remember it, this is the way she expressed herself:

"I used to think I was sick of prohibition, but I'm a lot sicker of not being able to refuse a drink without being jumped on. People seem to take it as a personal insult nowadays if you don't guzzle everything they hand you. Well, I'm through. Cocktails never were a matter of life and death to me, and as long as I could take one or leave it I was happy enough to have them around. But it's come to the place now where you can't leave one without being remarked about sarcastically, and where you can't take one without running the risk of poisoning yourself. I hope to goodness Hoover dries the country up to the place where I can go to a party without being made a goat in one direction or the other."

And so the Wets, by their attempts to mind other people's business, lost another supporter which their cause might have kept had they but been psychologically intelligent in their attitude toward her.

Speaking as one who is vigorously opposed to prohibition and who believes that some intelligent modification of the Volstead Act is the first practical step to be achieved in the fight for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, it seems to me that it is the stupidity of certain Wets rather than the intolerance of the Drys which is the more important, less excusable present-day menace to our cause. For it is the Wets who are under the necessity of winning confidence and votes. Any attitude, therefore, that antagonizes the great, middle-ground American public (that public which has never been either fanatically wet or dry) is the sheerest stupidity. Cheer the ginguzzling nullificationist all you please, yet the fact remains that modification of the Volstead Act, if it is ever to be achieved, will not be accomplished merely through drinking; and when these nullificationists betray an attitude which is, as is so often the case, one of contempt for the person who wishes the privilege of refusal, they actually become a menace to their own cause. The country is populated today with people who disbelieve thoroughly in the principle of prohibition, yet who would welcome the day of enforcement because it would release them from the kidding and joshing or silent contempt which meets their own personal lack of interest in liquor.

The main trouble with many of the Wets is that they have not grown out of a purely adolescent destructiveness into a more mature technique which would include a definitely constructive point of attack. It seems to me that the constructive technique of the Drys in the accomplishment of prohibition laws was so successful that it is unintelligent for the Wets to continue to ignore what it has to teach them. The Eighteenth Amendment came primarily because Prohibitionists visualized long ago something they wanted and then used their heads in going after it. They wanted a nation in which intoxicating liquors could no longer be bought or sold. They believed that the best way to accomplish this was by the aid of laws which would make the manufacture and sale of such liquors illegal. So they visualized—for women, a dry nation of happy homes, and for men an era of unprecedented prosperity in business and industry. For scores of years they kept these pictures before people. Let the man who is clever enough prove that their technique was not effective! Brick by brick they built their underlying structure of public opinion and laws here and there all over the country, until eventually the Amendment was accomplished. True, prohibition itself, the enforcement of their law, has not yet been accomplished; and though there are two legitimate points of view on whether it can ever be enforced, it does not seem unlikely to me that the imaginatively constructive quality which enabled the Drys to manipulate the temper of the American mind sufficiently to succeed in writing the Prohibition Amendment into our Constitution will enable them to secure the public opinion necessary for the enforcement of their law—at least to the extent that most laws are enforced.

ADMITTEDLY there was a purely destructive element in the old prohibition ranks. Drys like Mrs. Nation spent their efforts largely in holding prayer meetings and smashing saloons. Their methods appealed, for the most part, to the rabid fanatics—to the very people whose votes had already been assured. Mrs. Nation's technique was thoroughly effective, doubtless, for the accomplishment of her own personal happiness, just as wet parties and liquor-law smashing today effectively bring personal satisfaction to the many childish Carry Nation Wets. But I believe that, had Prohibitionists in great numbers taken it into their heads to work for prohibition through hatchet-smashing saloons all over the country, they would have aroused such a wave of antagonism that the accomplishment of their objective would have been indefinitely postponed. And I likewise believe that the large-scale law smashing of which, with a hiccoughing regularity, so many of the Wets loudly and proudly boast, is rousing a wave of antagonism all over the country which has already driven into the prohibition camp thousands of prospective votes which might have been won for temperance and tolerance rather than for intolerant prohibition.

I have talked many an hour with anti-Prohibitionists who have spent much breath in devastating criticism of the conservative fat-headedness of the Drys who believe that, once a law is made, it is the duty of every citizen to uphold it. This attitude on the part of the Drys is,

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I think, eventually untenable. The Sabbath is made for man, not man for the Sabbath. So the law-breaking of the Wets seems stupid to me, not because of its ethics but because of its childish futility when it is followed by nothing constructive, and because its effect is actually to lessen the immediate chances of modification and hence of the repeal of the Amendment.

Yet if one speaks of the futility of mere law-breaking to the Wets, they shout out about the lawlessness of the Boston Tea Party and act as if they believe that was what won freedom from oppression for the Colonists. Actually, though, that famous social affair was but a preliminary gesture—a prelude to definite headwork on the part of the Colonists in their fight for their rights. Present-day law smashing seems to be a prelude to nothing more admirable or exciting than a headache on the part of the Wets. If they are waging an energetic, intelligent, constructive battle for their rights, where in the name of Heaven is it being waged?

I HOPED OF finding intelligence in the Wet camp some months ago when I began to receive printed material from the Association against the Prohibition Amendment. Here, I said to myself, are bound to be the brains of the movement; and I was interested to discover what approach the Association would make in attempting to gain the confidence of the public. One of the first pieces of printed material to reach me was a sizable book, *Prohibition as We See It,* containing the results of a survey made by the Church Temperance Society under the direction of a Dr. James Empringham. Fate had it that I leafed quickly through the book, with nothing to arrest my attention until I had reached the last half-dozen pages—Chapter XX, called The Emmanuel Movement—which I found myself reading with the same fascination that patent medicine ads and testimonials used to hold for me in childhood.

Dr. Empringham, this chapter informed me, had been restored to health once by the Metchnikoffian method of changing the intestinal flora and by natural foods; he is the author of *Intestinal Gardening;* made repeated visits to Coué at Nancy and "accompanied the little Frenchman on his autosuggestion tour of the United States in 1923." Christian Science came in for a few blunt words of condemnation; the "Slaughter committed by Doctors of Medicine" was vividly touched upon; and we were all advised, finally to read *The Temperate Life,* by Dr. Empringham, which might be secured by sending two dollars, etc., etc. Alone in my room, I actually laughed aloud before I had finished reading the chapter.

A few weeks later I received a pamphlet from the Association, a reprint of an article by Courtlandt Nicoll, called *The Farce of Enforcement.*

Again I sat down hopefully—and found that the opening paragraphs of the article were a rather clever comparison of the persecutions of the Early Christians with modern persecutions of those who illicitly buy and sell liquor. I was offended, antagonized, immediately; but, realizing hours afterward that maybe unconsciously I was looking for offense, I decided to try it out on some one less likely to take offense than I might be. I was due at my hairdresser's next day, so I decided to try it out on her.

"Oh!" said Miss O'Rourke indignantly, as the idea gradually became clear to her. "As if the Early Christians did it to make money! I think that's simply terrible—it's sacrilegious—it's disgusting."

That, I think, is the way it must have appealed to a great many people. And more prospective votes, doubtless, were lost by the Wets.

There has already been so much of this stupidity in the Wet ranks that many of the advocates of modification who were once hopeful are now in despair. There seems to be no realization that what is done should always aim at winning the confidence—not of the already Wets, not of the fanatic Drys—but of that third and possibly larger group who do not exactly know what they want or what is going to be best for the country. It is this third group which holds the balance of power. Wisdom in either camp lies in gaining their favor; and it does not seem to me that law breaking is making any psychologically sound approach in this direction.

ONE UNDENIABLE thing the Wets must accomplish with this third group is to secure as big a vote among the women as they can. It was possible to make the Eighteenth Amendment without the woman vote, but it needs to be borne in mind that it cannot be unmade without it. For that reason, if for no other, the alignment of the Wets with law-breaking and law-breakers is to be deplored; for it shows a fundamental lack of regard for the necessity of securing the woman vote. It will be a long time before the sex which is weaker physically will feel secure without depending upon the validity of law and law enforcement. No woman but knows that safety for her sex is based upon the rigid enforcement of laws which seem to be contrary to the natural desires of the vast majority of males. To expect her, in great numbers, to react other than antagonistically to an attitude which laughs at law-breaking (especially the kind of law-breaking which is likely to be construed not as for a principle but merely for the satisfaction of a physical appetite) is scarcely worthy of the Wets of the reputedly logical sex. A realignment of the Wets on the side of law enforcement would do more to win women's confidence and open-mindedness on the whole liquor question than any other single thing that could be done.

I HAVE BEEN particularly interested in trying to get at the conscious and unconscious attitudes of women toward prohibition. Whether they are fundamentally different from men's I do not claim to know. But I do believe that the physical fact of femaleness has developed in woman a kind of caution which makes them want to look well before they leap. If this is true, they will not be persuaded easily to vote against Volsteadism until they are pretty sure they see something to vote for which appears to be a whole lot better. When—or if—the Wets get over their infantile hating of the Drys long enough to use their heads on the construction of some one practical plan which is better than the old-fashioned saloon and superior to the intolerance of prohibition, and then start to work for it intelligently, they will have no difficulty in appealing to the woman vote.

I say "no difficulty" with intent. And for this reason. Temperance rather than prohibition is the Christian virtue. The influence of the Christian faith in this country, therefore, is actually toward temperance. At the moment it has swung to prohibition in its protest against the drunkenness which was invited by the old saloon. This swing to the far side of the pendulum just now is but natural. The length of its stay there, before its return midway to the ideal of temperance (normal in a coun-

(Please Turn to Page 159)

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Britain's Gold and Her Discount Rate

By CARLTON A. SHIVELY

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Shively, the contributor of this page reports on Wall Street for the New York Sun

UNCERTAINTY over the Bank of England's discount rate has been the chief unsettling influence in our security markets since the increase in the New York Federal Reserve Bank's rate on August 8. Any appreciable further loss of gold by London will in all probability bring a higher bank rate. The stock market fears that such action would mean tighter money here, if it did not, indeed, bring another rise in the New York discount rate.

Early last winter the Bank of England lifted its rate from 4½ to 5 per cent, in an effort to stop the flow of British funds to New York. Federal Reserve authorities made a feeble attempt to help out by issuing the first of their famous warnings, which they apparently thought would frighten people into selling stocks.

Nothing of the sort took place, brokers' loans continued to climb. London money rates tightened with the higher bank rate, but the rising call rate in New York proved the greater attraction for British funds. Bank of England gold reserve has dwindled £39,192,000 (as of September 12) from the record total of £176,584,000 reached on September 12, 1928. At £137,392,000 the gold holdings are £26,856,000 below three months ago, when the most intense drain began.

Compelled to abandon gold during the war, England led Europe back to financial health when on April 29, 1925, the gold standard was resumed and the free export of the metal permitted. That action was taken following recommendations contained in the Cunliffe committee report, which suggested £150,000,000 as a minimum gold reserve. Present reserve is only £18,350,000 below that figure, but it is the smallest since 1913.

Meanwhile the Bank's proportion of reserve to liabilities has fallen to the lowest point since the return to gold. It is now 27.7 per cent against 47.6 per cent a year ago. A month ago it fell to 22.4 per cent.

This summer's outflow is by no means the first leak which the Bank has had to plug up since 1925; but it is the most interesting in that it was sudden and large, and because it occurred in response to special circumstances of a politico-financial nature rather than on account of basic underlying conditions.

In the few weeks following the restoration of the gold standard the Bank accumulated £8,758,000 in gold. The tide turned and for the next several months a net loss of about £21,000,000 occurred. No marked changes took place for a while, but the reserve, which held only £143,711,000 on January 20, 1926, gradually expanded in the next two years. It recrossed the £150,000,000 mark in 1927 and topped £170,000,000 late in 1928.

Reviving British trade had a good deal to do with the gold influx, but even more important was the easy money policy of the Federal Reserve Board. With the avowed purpose of forcing some of our surplus gold abroad, where the need for it was real, the Reserve Banks lowered their discount rates, forced to do so, in some cases at least, by the Board at Washington. They pumped money into the market at the same time through purchase of Government securities and bankers' bills.

The pound sterling was relieved of much of the burden of financing Europe's purchase of grain and raw materials in this country, and low interest rates here encouraged the flow of American funds abroad. Easy money in New York had another effect. Coming at a time when prosperity was high, it stimulated the stock market. Absorption of credit in the securities markets, increasing business needs and narrowing of the credit base due to the loss of about half a billion in gold from the middle of 1927 to the summer of 1928 finally created dear money. The Federal Reserve Board reversed its easy money policy.

London began to feel the pull of high money rates. Sterling exchange rapidly declined to a level at which it became cheaper to buy gold at the Bank of England's selling price, or to buy in the London open market and ship to New York than to buy bills of exchange on New York.

For a time Berlin also took gold from London. The first effect of the higher Bank of England rate last winter was to repatriate some gold and to check further loss. Bullion holdings, which had dropped below the £150,000,000 standard by about £500,000 when the rate was raised, on February 7, by mid-June had risen to more than £164,000,000, but an outcry was raised in British trade circles over the dear money policy which made possible the gold influx.

About that time it became apparent that the Poincaré ministry would exert itself to secure ratification of the debt agreement with the United States. Failure of France to ratify the so-called Mellon-Berenger plan would have meant payment to this country of $407,000,000 last August, on account of War supplies purchased from the army. Morally, at least, under the terms of the Caillaux-Churchill agreement, a similar sum would have been due the British government from France.

As ratification became assured, fears for the stability of the franc vanished and French balances returned to Paris. It became cheaper to ship gold by airplane to Paris than to buy drafts.

At the same time the German mark crossed the "gold point." This was due to withdrawal from London by the Reichsbank of credits arising largely from British loans to German borrowers. The dollar followed the franc and the mark across the gold point, due to continued high money rates here. London was drained of gold from three directions. Part came from the Bank of England and part from the fresh supply of South African gold offered weekly in open market. The Bank of England offset part of the loss by imports from Argentina and Spain. Reserves fell nevertheless £26,700,000 from June to the end of August. Total gold shipped from London included £17,000,000 to Paris, £14,000,000 to Berlin and £5,000,000 to New York.

Recent losses by the Bank have been negligible, due for the most part to willingness on the part of New York banks to aid the British, and also to satisfaction of French and German demands for the present. But London's hold on a 5½ per cent discount rate is a shaky one.

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"He had built a small shop for making screws"

"Today this young man is one of the largest depositors of this Bank"

Mr. Dick Miller, President of the City Trust Co., Indianapolis, Ind., tells a story of two young business men, and the contrast in their present fortunes

"THESE two young men furnish a dramatic contrast," said Mr. Dick Miller. "One of them inherited $35,000; the other, an experienced mechanic and a hard worker, started with a small savings account.

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"Nothing I could say could dissuade him. He sold out his $35,000 in securities, and put it into the theatrical production—'that was sure to be a whirlwind success.'

"Today he is working a few doors down the street for $30 a week.

"The other young man, the mechanic, came to us a few years ago, wanting to borrow the money to buy two automatic screw machines. We looked him up. He had a savings account with us. He had a modest reserve of sound securities. He had built a small shop for making screws and had paid for the machinery he already had out of his earnings.

"We gladly loaned him the money. He paid off his notes regularly out of his increased business, and the moment the notes were paid he started right in again saving money and making conservative investments.

"Today this young man is owner of a substantial, thriving business, and is one of the largest depositors of this bank."

+ + +

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MR. DICK MILLER, *President of the City Trust Co., Indianapolis, Ind., formerly President of the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce, is prominently identified with the business and industrial development of the Indiana metropolis.*

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U. S. A. vs. U. S. E.?

By T. R. YBARRA

PARIS.

ARE we of the U. S. A. to be introduced one of these days to a new federation of states—the U. S. E., United States of Europe? What is more, are we not only to be introduced to it, as a new unit in the family of nations, but to find in it a formidable rival, committed to the mission of ousting us from the economic supremacy of the universe?

Those questions become pertinent in view of the increasing frequency with which one hears the phrase "United States of Europe" on this side of the Atlantic. Ever since M. Briand uttered it a few weeks ago it has bandied about in European speeches, magazine and newspaper articles and conversations until it is becoming a commonplace. Europe is getting an uneasy feeling that, unless she pools the economic resources of all her nations, she is doomed to playing humble second fiddle to that great republic across the ocean which, within a few generations, has risen from a mere colony of one of the European powers to the most powerful nation in the world.

"How stay the march of events. By uniting against the transatlantic menace—in union is strength!—Hail the U. S. E.! Down with the U. S. A.!" So runs the new European train of thought.

Neither M. Briand nor any other European imagines anything in Europe exactly corresponding to our United States. Politically, the New Europe of their imaginings will remain what Europe has been for centuries—a number of nations, alien to each in race, under separate governments, utterly averse to union. The picture of a Europe united as our forty-eight States are united, with a single federal government installed in some European city corresponding to our city of Washington, is too much for any European mind to visualize.

What these who dream of the United States of Europe do manage to visualize, however, is a continent of Europe united from an economic point of view, no longer intersected in all directions by customs barriers and tariff walls, a continent every nation of which works harmoniously with every other for the economic welfare of the whole. Thus, at last—they reason—will Europe become indeed a continent, instead of a welter of countries more interested in hurting than in helping each other; thus, and thus only, will Europe be able to compete in the long run with the American Colossus, with its forty-eight component parts, independent states to all intents and purposes, yet submitting voluntarily to a single government, whose edicts are obeyed from Maine to California, acting as one vast and powerful unit in all appertaining to relations with the rest of the world.

U. S. E. vs. U. S. A.!—always the dream of these Europeans leads to that same vision!

Briand is getting most of the credit nowadays for the United States of Europe idea, but this is unjust to others who have had the vision before him and worked toward its realization. Notable among these is Herr Coudenhove-Kalergi, sponsor of the "Pan-European" doctrine. Coudenhove-Kalergi is a man remarkably well endowed for the advocacy of an international ideal, for he is Austrian by citizenship, Flemish and Greek by descent, and he was born in Japan! For years he has been at the head of an organization committed to the creation of "Pan-Europe"—an alliance of the European nations analogous to what has become better known of late under the name of United States of Europe. He has written books and pamphlets explaining his idea and urging upon all Europeans the necessity for furthering it if Europe is to escape being relegated to a position of inferiority.

Stated in a few words, Coudenhove-Kalergi's theory is that the civilized world, as at present constituted, falls naturally into five parts: the American Continent, the British Empire, Russia, Asia and Europe. "Pan-Europe," as he sees it, should be made out of Europe with the exception of Britain and Russia—both of which, he argues, are not genuinely European, since Britain tends to lean more and more on the British Dominions and Russia to turn her eyes ever more eagerly eastward. The other European countries, he insists, must form a close union, every part working for the good of the whole, every inhabitant thinking of himself as a European first and as a Frenchman or Italian afterward.

Thus and only thus can Europe be saved, argues this zealous internationalist; if she continues on her headlong career of exaggerated nationalism she is bound to become hopelessly inferior in economic power and influence—nay, in every other way also—to the American Union across the seas which, whatever discords may arise within its borders, presents to the world an aspect of solidarity and acts toward the world with a singleness of purpose such as make it far more a continent than the continent of Europe, whose inhabitants have so little in common that the phrase "Europe thinks," though constantly used, is practically meaningless. When you say "Europe thinks" do you imply that what Paris thinks is likewise the prevailing opinion in Berlin?—and Rome?—and London? Say "America thinks," however, and you are indeed saying something, for—when it comes to foreign relations—what the government at Washington thinks and transmutes into action obligates alike every American from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico.

This truth is fully realized by Herr Coudenhove-Kalergi, by Monsieur Briand, by the little band of far-sighted Europeans who share their ways of thought. But, even if their ideas gain ground and more and more of their fellow-Europeans enroll themselves under the banner of European economic solidarity, there is a long and rocky road ahead for them and their "United States of Europe."

Europe is essentially the Continent of Discord. From the dawn of her history her nations have been at war with each other. Despite the growing influence of civilization, they are all too ready to fly again at each others' throats.

Take the case of France and Germany: by what stretch of the imagination can anybody not a confirmed Utopian visualize Frenchmen and Germans willing to bury the hatchet for the sake of European Solidarity? The same "goes" for many other European nations. Europe is a long, long way from the U. S. E. Unless all signs fail, the U. S. A. is not destined for many a year to feel the competition of the U. S. E.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Biography and Memoirs

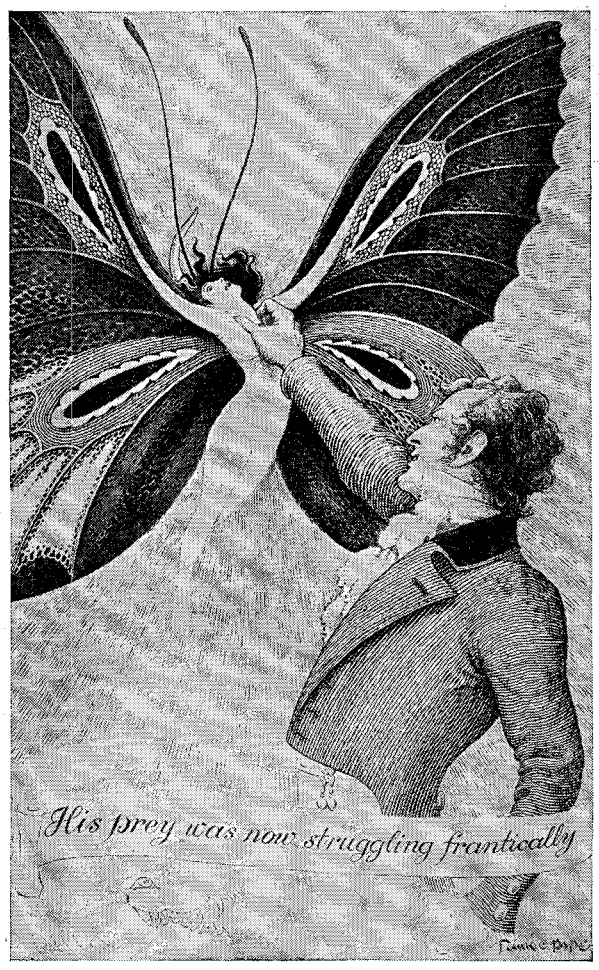
Memoirs of Lorenzo da Ponte. Translated and edited by L. A. SHEPPARD: Houghton, Mifflin. $4.00.

St. Francis de Sales. By HENRI BORDEAUX. Translated by SISTER BENITA: Longmans. $2.50.

Audacious Audubon. By EDWARD A. MUSCHAMP: Brentano. $3.50.

Seven Iron Men. By PAUL DE KRUIF: Harcourt, Brace and Co. $3.00. (All published this week)

IN SPITE OF individual excellences and effort, journalism has had an unhappy effect upon writing. Facts are so generally accepted as a substitute for style that readers are unable to distinguish between good writing and bad, if so be the material is interesting. Among writers, biographers have become especially offensive in this respect, possibly because biography is a salable commodity just now, possibly because, as seems to be the case with Muschamp, biographer of Audubon, it is easy to believe that a loving and serious interest in one's subject insures ability to write about it. A good popular biography of Audubon should be snatched up by all the bird lovers, boy scouts and amateur naturalists in the country. *Audacious Audubon* aims to be such a book, but is not. Mr. Muschamp has selected a romantic angle of narration, has had interesting facts at his command, and he admires and largely understands his hero. But his literary talent has not been sufficient to overcome the handicap which careless editors, ignorant themselves of rhetoric, and an unformed popular taste have placed upon good writing. Colorless phrases, hackneyed figures and rough sentences mar Mr. Muschamp's book. Audubon should be a good subject for an able romantic biographer. The great artist naturalist was an original; his life was picturesque and moving, and the field of his work is not crowded. He was not so much an audacious man as an obsessed man, with the abandon and courage of obsession. He met hardship a-plenty, but he was a spoiled boy, indulged by men; and he had a gorgeous time. When he was an itinerant merchant on the Ohio frontier, he forgot his pack-animals to follow a warbler through the woods. When he could not find patrons in America, he carried his huge portfolio of scrupulously "life-size" drawings to England. Accused of nature-faking, he retaliated: but he faked a group of incredible fish portraits to tease a fellow naturalist. A spirited account of his life, while it might not serve science, would give pleasure to many readers, especially if it were illustrated by reproductions of his work.



One of Frank C. Pape's charming drawings for the new illustrated edition of Something about Eve by James Branch Cabell (McBride)

But literary skill alone will not make a readable biography, much less a fine one. Henri Bordeaux, the eminent French novelist and academician, in spite of an ingratiating preface, approaches the life of St. Francis de Sales, his fellow Savoyard, with timidity and handles it with chilly if correct fingers. This St. Francis is spoken of as the priest whose understanding of human neuroses and maladjustments antedated Freud's by three centuries. But Freud has had other and greater precursors. There is, however, some of the popular psychoanalysts' technique in the work of this priest, who, though unworldy himself and simple-hearted in all his ways, was particularly successful in ministering to great ladies. In his flowery and tedious *Introduction to a Devout Life,* St. Francis de Sales devoted much space to an analysis of the psychology of love, and he gave specific—and still useful advice to young girls, married women and widows. In contradistinction to the mystic saints of the middle ages, he preached rationality and balance. And, as against the scholar saints, he spoke to the common man. His teachings were not puritanical—"Evil," he wrote, "delights in melancholy and sadness"—bu[illegible] were adapted to the Renaissa[illegible] mind to which he ministered. [illegible] the reader less interested in t[illegible] hagiographical and more in th human aspects of Bordeaux's biography, St. Francis de Sales's life will not be particularly interesting. In a time of great events, it was singularly uneventful. Perhaps that very lack of incident in his hero's life has made it an ungrateful subject for a novelist. At all events, while no doubt important to the devout, Bordeaux's book is not significant to the ordinary reader.

In Paul de Kruif there is a writer who, however much one may dislike and disapprove his style, does match pretty evenly his ability and his interest in his subject. His explosive technique reflects an exuberant interest and a fine enthusiasm for justice. No flower is

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The Life Story of Our Amazing Universe

THE UNIVERSE AROUND US

By Sir James Jeans

Jules Verne's fancy never invented anything more fascinating than the facts in this book. It opens up for you the vast mysteries of the universe and tells of the probings of science into the nature, origin, age and destined end of the world and all that lies about it.

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going to blush unseen if he can help it. Formerly a much-needed eulogist of the unsung heroes of science, he undertakes in *Seven Iron Men* a somewhat less grateful task. For the Merritts of Minnesota, who discovered the Missabe Iron Range—"and lost it"—are actually heroes only in the sense that all pioneers, prospectors, woodsmen are heroes, important if successful, necessary but negligible, if not. Also the [illegible]rift which the Merritts gave to the [illegible]rld was used to build up the steel industry and the fortunes of its controllers, and not, except doubtfully and by indirection, to further the well-being of men. Still the story of the great-souled Merritts is heartening and picturesque, and the story of their negotiations with the Frick, Carnegie and Rockefeller interests which deprived them of their decent reward, picturesque and disheartening; and the book is worth reading. As usual, in Paul de Kruif's books, there is sound information under the easy manner, and honest enthusiasm under the slap-dash.

For the perfection of manner and matter, if you are looking for an affair of pure diversion, you must turn to the *Memoirs of Lorenzo da Ponte,* librettist of Mozart. This scapegrace Italian had a lively career and in his old age sought to justify himself in the eyes of a public which was pressingly needful to him by writing his own version of his life. He began his life as a student for orders, but circumstances took him to Venice where life at the end of the Eighteenth Century was rather over-tempting to a young man to whose heart the charms of dilettantism and dalliance were dear. An acquaintance with Casanova, considerably improved in his memory over its actual duration and intimacy, improved his technique, and he carried a dubious reputation with him when he went to Vienna to undertake his living as a versifier and Theatre Poet. There, beside Mozart, he knew the Emperors Joseph and Leopold and many musicians and writers. According to his own version, his association with Mozart was most beneficial to that composer. "You write the music for my version of Beaumarchais," he said in substance, "and I'll see that it is accepted at the Opera." He provided the librettos for *Le Nozze di Figaro, Don Giovanni* and *Cosi Fan Tutti.* From Vienna he went to London where he tried his hand as impresario without success, prepared the books for several operas, ran an Italian book-shop, the finest that ever was, he assures us, involved himself in countless gallant scrapes and finally fled to America to escape being imprisoned for debt. Here, with his wife and children, he led a precarious and pathetic existence, teaching Italian for a living (he became Professor of Italian at Columbia) and bursting into a late bloom when the Italian opera in Park Lane, with Garcia and Malibran, gave him a chance to shine as the librettist of *Don Giovanni* when they gave that opera.

Da Ponte's memoirs are here translated for the first time into English. They are prefaced by an excellent biographical introduction which, although it does take the wind out of some da Ponte's sails by telling the bald truth about some of the little affairs which it was convenient for him to interpret and paraphrase, adds considerably to the reader's interest in the Memoirs. They themselves will give those who read them a grand, good time.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Young Italy

History of Italy 1871-1915. By BENEDETTO CROCE: Oxford Press. $5.00.

IN AN earlier volume on history Croce has presented his theory of the contemporaneity of history. "Every true history is contemporary history—for

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

The Field of Honor, by Donn Byrne: Century. A romantic account of the conflict between British gold and Napoleonic genius, written in picturesque prose. Reviewed Sept. 11th.

Whiteoaks of Jalna, by Mazo de la Roche: Little, Brown. Another vivid story of the Whiteoaks family which solves some of its problems. Reviewed Sept. 11th.

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated from the German by A. W. Wheen: Little Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War which shows what the common soldier thinks of it, whatever flag he follows. Reviewed June 5.

The Dark Journey, by Julien Green: Harpers. A sombre drama of passion and introspection written in limpid prose. Reviewed August 28th.

They Stooped to Folly, by Ellen Glasgow: Doubleday, Doran. A comedy of changing fashions in morality, admirably written with fine balance and icy wit. Reviewed August 7th.

Non-Fiction

The Tragic Era, by Claude Bowers: Houghton, Mifflin. A vigorous, careful and dramatic study of the Reconstruction. Reviewed Sept. 11th.

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

The Specialist, by Chic Sale: Specialist Publishing Co. Life story and philosophy of a "privy-counselor."

George Washington, by Shelby Little: Minton Balch. A biography in the modern manner which endows Washington with a few human failings. Reviewed August 28th.

Beethoven the Creator, by Romain Rolland: Harper. A profound and satisfying study of the psychology of genius embodied in an excellent biography.

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dead history revives and past history lives again as the development of life demands them. It is in our own breasts alone that is to be found that crucible in which the certain is converted into the true." As the story of Italy's struggle to become a nation unfolds, Croce's proposition of a living past within our present is brilliantly demonstrated, for this new work by the Italian philosopher is indeed a spiritual cord, *das Geistige Band,* binding the glorious past to the frontpage news of the day. The timeliness of this volume, its publication almost coincident with the Ratification of the Lateran treaty, should add to its interest with readers who have a genuine desire to understand Italy's peculiar problems. It is a curious fact that while Italy has been greatly beloved throughout the centuries it has been rather as a museum of antiquities than as a museum of living men. There is a noticeable resentment in Europe and even America of the strength and optimism of Young Italy, a feeling that Italians should be content to remember the past, unmindful of that sonorous line from *La Nave,* "Arma la prora e salpa verso il mondo"—Man the prow and sail out into the world, or literally "toward the world." The Italian, the Roman, has consistently fixed his gaze upon the world and its realities. Of all the great races of antiquity the Italian is the only survivor in the sense of being a factor in *Weltpolitik* but in spite of this indomitable Will to Live, the world at large prefers to think of the Italian as a picturesque weakling, supported on a broken column, while contemplating the catacombs. In fact he was often thus represented in the steel engravings of the last century, even at the moment that he was waging his war for national existence. Any deviation from the traditional attitude rouses consternation on both hemispheres. In spite of the moribund rôle which legend has assigned him, the Italian, passionate realist, is as Croce points out probably the most practical, calm and least hysterical of Europeans. In the years between 1871 and 1915, the formation of the Triple Alliance was the event of supreme national importance. Croce again and again emphasizes the fact that this alliance was in the words of the statesman Crispi, "a marriage de convenance for which the love match must necessarily be sacrificed." While Leo XIII intrigued with France, the destruction of national unity was the nightmare of Italy. Croce shows that the strictly defensive alliance was not lightly abandoned. The need for it no longer existed. It had no function after a few years. The Italian, the Roman, has always discarded abstractions for the concrete. However, Croce does not represent his people as devoid of political ideals. On the contrary. For months before her entry into the World War Italy was a house divided against itself. It was a time of real spiritual *sturm und drang* for her people. But it is a race which has never failed to grasp substance rather than shadow. With the welding of all Italy into a nation so strong that it need not fear encroachments by the Papacy, the Alliance lost significance. Italy had had a secondary motive for entering the alliance with Austria and Germany—the support of her African policy, but the alliance had failed to avert disaster in Tunis and Abyssinia.

Of the forty-five years covered by this history, the author says, "They are what are called years of peace but they represent movement and dramatic interest to all those who recognize that such features are not solely to be found in noisy struggles and spectacular achievements and who even in the face of wars and revolutions find the true source of movement and dramatic interest in minds and hearts." The earlier chapters of this book are therefore devoted to the patient and painstaking labor by which Italy's statesmen eventually accomplished her actual as well as political unity. There is also illuminating comment on the intellectual and aesthetic life of the period. Before the end of the book the enigmatic and prophetic personality of Mussolini appears, first as editor of the socialist organ *Avanti,* somewhat later as leader of the socialist minority favoring Italy's entrance into the World War with England, France and Russia.

The closing chapters are charged with the same sense of destiny as Italy yields to the compulsion of cosmic events and casts her lot with the enemies of her former allies. Again the prow is manned and Italy sails toward the world!

MARY SHIRLEY.

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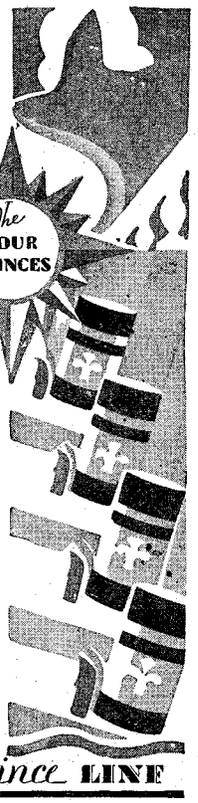
SOUTH AMERICA
The Four Princes



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Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

A FEW WEEKS AGO we referred in these pages to a number of books dealing with the Roman Catholic Church. We noted that the case for Catholicism was stated with rare charm and clarity by Professor Adam in *The Spirit of Catholicism*. It was a matter of regret at that time that there was not an equally persuasive up-to-date statement of the Protestant position. That lack no longer exists. In *Catholicism and Christianity* by Cecil John Cadoux (The Dial Press) we have the best and most fully documented statement of the Protestant case which has appeared in a generation. This is a volume of seven hundred pages but those pages contain a full and complete exposition of the reasons why Protestants cannot yield to the claims of Rome. Such books as these will go far in helping Protestants and Catholics to understand on what they differ and why. Cadoux's book must now be considered the authority in this field.

This interest in Catholicism is evidence of the fact that many of our deepest thinkers are alarmed about the state of religion and its future prospects. A new book by that able English preacher, W. E. Orchard, has this for its theme. It is called, *The Present Crisis in Religion* (Harper) and it is a frank facing of the ominous probability that the influence of religion is waning. As the author puts it "For an ever-increasing majority of people there seems no pressing problem save beyond what may be extracted from this life for their own immediate enjoyment. With great masses of our people religion is not a living issue." As Orchard sees it, the outlook is dark but it is not hopeless for Christianity has faced dark periods before. Religion can and must be revived. This can come about through the revival of mysticism and it is possible that such a revival is even now taking place. Here is a stimulating book, one to be read and pondered by religious men and women. Many of us cannot go with Orchard in his emphasis upon sacramentalism for reasons which Cadoux clearly states in his book mentioned above but this will seem to us if not to him of minor importance. In *The Recovery of Religion* by Dwight Bradley (Doran) we have another approach to the same problem. It is an unusual approach, in fact a unique approach. What stands in the way of religion today, according to Bradley, is a false view of the domain of science. Science has seemed to push religion entirely to the side but this has been because we have not rightly understood the proper fields of religion and science. Science deals with the world of objective research while religion concerns itself with the realm of subjective experience. Here is original thought presented in a readable manner but we are not convinced that any such contrast can be made between the fields of religion and science. Science will continue to play all over the lot and religion will follow any clue which promises to lead to God.

What Do We Mean by God? by Cyril H. Valentine (MacMillan) is philosophically more sound. It deals with the fundamental religious problem of God. The most spirited attack upon religion today comes from psychology. Doubt is cast upon the external reality of the object of worship. It is this which is contributing in no small way to the decline (if there really be such) of religion. The question, as Valentine put it, is, "Can the object of religious faith be allowed to have ultimate reality?" He argues cogently that it can and concludes that God is personal.

As all of these books accord a high place to Jesus of Nazareth it is fitting to refer to a new story of his life written by a man who is speaking to this generation in language which it can understand. That man is Robert Norwood, Rector of St. Bartholomew's in New York. His new book, *The Man Who Dared to Be God,* is a life of Jesus told in the light of modern New Testament scholarship. A few lines will show his spirit and style. "Men divinized him (Jesus) thru the sheer necessity of accounting for the night of his thot as compared with the thot of the wisest and holiest men of his time. Now we are beginning to see the reason why he stood so high above his fellows: In daring to become God he became God. How? By the purity of his love and the selflessness of his thot he came at last to the majesty of divine thinking. He no longer needed the opinions of men who had attained oneness with God." Possibly the theology implicit in this book many not satisfy the creeds but this picture of Jesus certainly radiates the spirit of love incarnate in him. It is beautifully written and calculated to make us love the hero of it. Religion is not dead when its leaders can speak like this.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

SINCE THE CHURCH of Henry Ward Beecher's day could not destroy the theatre, the church of our day has apparently decided to assist it. We gather this from the announcement that three play-goers' organizations have been merged into the Church and Drama League of America, with a membership of over 20,000, and a directorate composed of a mixture of bankers, professors and ministers, with two critics thrown in for flavor. Seeing the drama as a social and educational influence, their immediate slogan is to be "More and Better Plays."

Well, the theatre needs friends, and all that such an organization can do ought to be welcomed. But we wish we were a little clearer as to just what is meant by "better plays." Does this mean plays which social leaders and educators consider a better moral influence? Or does it mean plays which artists and playwrights, like Bernard Shaw and John Galsworthy, might consider better? The distinction is the nubbin of the whole business of the theatre now under discussion. For let us remember that the moralist doesn't wish to enjoy the theatre; he wishes to judge it. Likewise, the clergyman doesn't wish to inspire the theatre; he wants to control it. The theatre is no place for a man who wants to prove anything. "Preachy" is in itself a word of criticism of the play. Thought on our stage must remain free; just as art must remain a hardy adventurer and not become a soft handmaiden of ethics or theology.

Certainly Americans can have no objections to a church drama league, constituted as this one is at the present moment. But will it—including in its directorate the two redoubtable Bishops Cannon and Manning—in time become an "anti-saloon" league of the theatre? A prohibitory body? Will it in time endeavor so to maneuver matters that Eugene O'Neill, possessed of a new dramatic idea, must get Bishop Cannon on the telephone for his approval?

John Van Druten, author of "Young Woodley," talking in London the other day, proposed as a solution of the problem of censorship in the theatre that there merely be two classes of theatres: One, wherein you were guaranteed against shock; the other which you entered at your own risk. It is easy to discern in which theatres would be found the plays of O'Neill, Galsworthy, Shaw and all modern, worthwhile playwrights. The Authors' League and the Dramatists' Guild ought to get out a White List of clergymen competent to speak on the theatre.

Meanwhile, the rush of detective stories into public favor has invaded Broadway with a vengeance. The wave started by the *Trial of Mary Dugan* has returned in tidal form.

If you like this sort of thing, you must certainly not miss Elsie Ferguson in *Scarlet Pages*. What matter if the play is completely on the surface and distinguished mostly for the mechanical dexterity of its authors? What matter, too, that in real life there would probably have been no trial or play at all, if the facts which the playwrights indicate happened to be true?

It is easier than reading and much more vivid. In addition, though your worst suspicions are immediately confirmed, that isn't the half of it. Follows a sensation which you had not suspected in the least. So that all in all, you get your money's worth.

Particularly do you get it from the acting of Elsie Ferguson. For the first ten minutes of the trial, we had more than a suspicion that the rules of evidence were not being followed, and we feared lest some lawyer rise in the house and shout out angrily against the whole affair. But not after Miss Ferguson really got going as the attorney for the defense.

Write down also a memorandum to the effect that you must not miss *Sweet Adeline*, Jerome Kern's and Arthur Hammerstein's new comic opera of the gay nineties. It isn't *Show Boat*—they haven't done as well as that again—but it is moving and amusing and exceedingly well staged, dotted here and there with ballads that would have made their fortune in the days of the Spanish war, and interspersed every now and then with humorous bits by Charles Butterworth that are Ed Wynne-like in their ability to amuse.

Don't expect much of a plot. And don't expect the Gay Nineties viewed from the standpoint of *The Age of Innocence*. On the other hand, consider that your childhood was spent in some place like Hoboken, near a German beer garden, and that all the events of the gay nineties went on while you lived in such a place. You will have a very good idea of the kind of piece Messrs. Kern and Hammerstein have produced for our entertainment. The musical score is a delight.

What to read on RELIGION
Fall 1929

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TRUTH AND THE FAITH: *An Interpretation of Christianity*
By Hartley Burr Alexander $3.00
A modern mystic's thought of Christianity, called, by Joseph Fort Newton, "a sheer delight, even when one does not always agree."

And the new books for fall—Watch this column for fuller announcement.

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By Paul Arthur Schilpp $2.50
Introduction by Eugene W. Lyman
Present-day Christianity shown to be a caricature of Christianity, and helpless in the face of contemporary problems. What to do about it.

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CONFLICTS IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT
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Should the churches unite?
THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM
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Outstanding leaders in each of the branches of the Christian Church, Catholic and Protestant, high and low, established and "free," speak in representative capacity on the prospects of reunion.

God, freedom, immortality
TRUTHS TO LIVE BY
By J. Elliot Ross (October) $2.00
Introduction by Glenn Frank
Talks to college students, by a Catholic priest, have been worked over into a book that transcends all creedal boundaries.

The ruin of boyhood faith
ROBBING YOUTH OF ITS RELIGION
By James F. Halliday (October) $2.00
A cruel autobiography, but the same thing has happened to many. Boyhood faith wrecked, and a man's faith built on the ruins.

The story of schism
SOCIAL SOURCES OF DENOMINATIONALISM
By H. Richard Niebuhr (November)
A critical account of the secularization of Christianity.

Miracles
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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

THE PUBLICITY attending the defeat of Bobby Jones in the amateur golf championship recently played at Pebble Beach shows to what an extent our athletic champions are figures of national prominence. In the leading article of the next issue, "A Portrait of Two Champions," John R. Tunis contrasts the different personalities of two famous tennis champions, Helen Wills and William T. Tilden.

WHAT WITH Elihu Root's plan for our participation in the World Court, the proposed five power conference for naval disarmament, and Premier MacDonald's contemplated visit to America the subject of internationalism has lately been decidedly to the fore. In "The New Internationalism" Professor James T. Shotwell of Columbia University describes what he considers necessary for the success of this movement.

MOST OF US are inclined to regard the activities of the various matrimonial agencies humorously rather than seriously. So was Gregory Mason until as a joke he answered the advertisement of an agency. In "Marriage by Mail" Mr. Mason, a frequent contributor to The Outlook and Independent describes the unexpected conditions which he discovered.

WHEN THE Second Division was sent in at Belleau Woods in those critical days in the spring of 1918, there was no American military hospital service back of it. It had been agreed that the French Sixth Army with which the division was serving, should provide the necessary means of hospitalization and evacuation, but the French were unable to keep the agreement. The plight of the Americans was desperate, for the fighting in Belleau Woods was accompanied by fearful losses. In the third installment of "Stretchers" Mr. Pottle describes the work of Evacuation Hospital No. 8 which was rushed across France to meet the emergency.

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

"The Hollywood Revue"

AFTER SEEING *The Hollywood Revue* one is seized by a conviction that a small, unpretentious musical show, of the type usually called "intimate," might get over pretty well on the screen.

The small, "intimate" portions of *The Hollywood Revue* are not at all bad; the larger and less intimate sections are not at all good. Among the better things in the show are Buster Keaton doing a Salome dance; John Gilbert and Norma Shearer in the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet* and Marie Dressler singing a song entitled *I'm the Queen.* As a casual and untroubled master of ceremonies, Jack Benny is also pretty consistently funny and a group of precision dancers, appearing in a color sequence, put on an expert and well-staged number.

So much for the entertaining parts of the show. The rest of it is curiously unsatisfying.

Marion Davies, for example, is presented in a song and dance act with a male chorus of grenadiers. Bessie Love is likewise featured. Neither is anything to break a leg over. The comedy team of Laurel and Hardy do a phony juggling act that ends up with Hardy falling down—his face buried in a large cake. Shades of Fatty Arbuckle!

Other items are Cliff Edwards ("Ukelele Ike"), who is about as usual in his specialty; Charles King and Gus Edwards in songs; the Brox Sisters in their three-way crooning act; Polly Moran, comedienne, and an infinite series of *Tableaux of the Jewels,* hordes of tap dancers tapping up and down great flights of steps and tepid love songs in synthetic orange groves. Not good enough.

We have yet to see a screen musical comedy in which the camera seemed able to keep up with what went on. One is either too close to the performers or too far away from them; and when there is any considerable number of people on the scene, the effect of overcrowding and confusion is peculiarly irritating.

The Hollywood Revue offers an opportunity to see most of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation's high-priced luminaries gathered on one stage, and if this is an inducement to you, see the picture. If, having seen it, you are not definitely disappointed, we predict that you will at least be vaguely so.

"The Lady Lies"

Listen to this plot—and remember, as you listen, that Will H. Hays still has his office in Hollywood, maintained for the purpose of perpetuating the purity of the American Home:

Robert Rossiter, a widower with two children in their 'teens, takes as his mistress Joyce Roamer, a sales-girl in one of the snootier shops. For two years he maintains her in a penthouse, going to his regular domicile only when his children are on vacation from their boarding schools. At the end of this period, a strait-laced relative of Rossiter's gets next to the situation and informs Rossiter's son and daughter of their father's iniquity. Naturally upset, the children (mind you—they are both in their eager 'teens) engineer an interview with the sweetie of their progenitor and coldly invite her to "return to the underworld, where she came from."

But the sweetie will do no such thing. She is genuinely in love with Rossiter and can't see how she is hurting his children by claiming only such of his time as they don't want. After much argument—some of it quite brilliant on both sides—the children recognize her true worth and insist on their father marrying her!

No kidding, this is a movie. An American movie. If you ask us how it ever got itself released, we will reply that we haven't the remotest notion. It is played by a competent cast, including Walter Huston, Claudette Colbert and Charles Ruggles and, while the idea underlying its plot is a repugnant one, it is a far from uninteresting picture. Claudette Colbert is extremely good and so is Charles Ruggles. The dialogue is amusing, the reproduction rather poor.

If you decide to go to *The Lady Lies,* use your own judgment about taking the children.

Lloyd and Chaplin

We mentioned a week or so ago that the above mentioned silent stars were still to be heard from on the talking screen. That hundred per cent American, Mr. Harold Lloyd, will shortly sound off in a new talkie entitled *Welcome Danger.* The still very British Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin is as yet undecided regarding his vocal plans; but these matters of pantomime should provide interesting comparison in the field of diction when the time comes.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

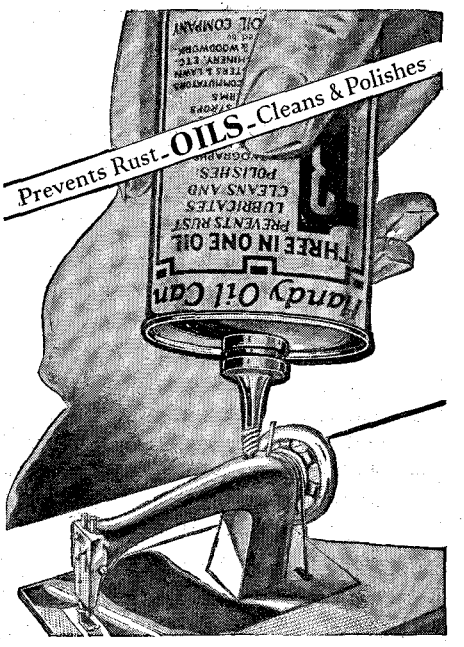
By W. R. BROOKS

WHAT COULD BE a sweller gift for the boy friend (or the girl friend) than a few cakes of soap each made with a permanent picture of you inside it. You smiling up at him (or her) from the soap dish every morning when he shaves (or she makes up.) There is a company that makes a specialty of this kind of soap. Of course it doesn't have to be your own picture. The cakes can be made up with any picture—the White House, or Lindbergh or Queen Marie of Rumania or whatever your special enthusiasm dictates. Personally we're going to have some made up with pictures of Megan Lloyd George. Life has seemed awfully blank to us for a number of years, ever since, in fact, Megan disappeared from the rotogravure sections of our Sunday paper. Somehow Ishbel MacDonald hasn't made up for it. But Megan was for a long time as much a part of our Sunday morning as for a still longer time Sunday school used to be. And after all, we all like best the things we are used to. That's why we like the Sunday paper itself: news and editorials and pictures and comic strips, they're always the same, week after week, year after year. If there wasn't a date line at the top, we wouldn't know whether we were reading today's paper or that of six months ago. As far as reading papers goes, keeping up to date merely means keeping up to the date line. We believe that a reputation for being very much up on current events could be just as easily built and maintained by reading the papers for the corresponding dates ten years ago, as by reading the current issues. You'd even come out about the same on your stock market transactions. Certainly you'd stand just as good a chance of winning.

But we were talking about soap. This same company we were speaking of makes playing card soap in the same way—boxes of five cakes representing five honors in hearts or spades, a 150 meld in pinochle, or a royal flush in poker. Also soap with animal or fairy tale pictures for children. And a number cleverly called In-cent-ive Soap, in the center of which is imbedded a penny. This latter is supposed to induce the kids to wash often so they'll get the penny, but we find two objections. First, nothing less than a half dollar would have induced us to go in for that amount of cleanliness; and second, any child of average intelligence would manage to dig out the penny before he'd had a single bath. We think it would be better if mother kept the penny.

IF ANTIQUE FURNITURE is your hobby—and a careful survey of the field made by our own private inquiry agents shows it to be the hobby of 96.8% of all native or naturalized American families with incomes over $800 per year—you may be interested in *Genuine Antique Furniture* by Arthur de Bles (Crowell), a recently published book which discusses furniture styles, their development and the methods of determining whether they are really antique or not. There are some 200 excellent illustrations, and American furniture has five chapters devoted to it—about a quarter of the book.

WE ONCE KNEW of a lady who had a pet bat. During the day it hung head down, after the manner of bats, from the top of her bedpost. During the night it cruised about through the room, eating the mosquitoes which would otherwise have feasted on its mistress. Personally we dislike bats in our bedroom almost as much as we dislike mosquitoes, and although we have spent many sleepless nights listening earnestly to the elfin song of these insects, and waiting with right hand raised to feel their tiny footsteps on our cheek, we have never seriously considered adopting a bat as protection. But we have discovered recently an insectivorous pet which would seem to be just what we have been looking for. It is charmingly called the Darlingtonia, and is a plant which spreads honey on itself to attract the insects which it then devours. We saw a number of specimens of it in a florist's window. It looks rather like a cobra standing on its tail in a flower pot. It has an advantage over other pets in that it can't bark or mew or climb up in your lap, and it doesn't have to be taken out for exercise. All you have to do is to give it a little water, and, now and then, if the bug season is over so that it can't catch its own dinner, a few flies. Or if your home is well screened the florist says that you can give it occasionally a few bits of raw beef. Probably in time you could train it so that you would merely throw it scraps from the table. It will grow anywhere, and blossoms in the spring, the florist says, with a beautiful purple flower.



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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Dog and Cat

THEIR LIVES AT BEST were hazardous and their positions insecure; but the dog and the cat managed to get along together.

As dog and cat they were not unusual. So that the rivalry between them—and the outcome of that rivalry—could never be called significant. Nevertheless we shall have to speak of them significantly, as Dog and Cat.

Dog had his master, and Cat had hers. The fact that these masters were brothers, aged approximately five and seven, made for a certain similarity in the lives of Dog and Cat. Each was well accustomed to being caught abruptly by the tail, or squeezed with affectionate carelessness through the stomach, or dragged off the ground by means of the front paws or the hind legs.

It is easy enough to imagine the conversations of the masters, as all masters converse in a manner strikingly similar.

"Dogs is used to save lives."

"Cats is used for catching mice."

"Dogs is used for hunting bigger animals than mice—"

"Cats is more loving—"

"'Tain't so! Everybody says—"

"'Tain't so! My father says—"

"Who's your father?"

"He's my father! and I heard him say dogs—"

Now the masters, although young, were extraordinarily independent. Somewhere in the near-wilderness surrounding their home, they maintained bachelor quarters. It was a rough and ready spot—little better than a camp, and somewhat resembling a play-house.

With this spot, Cat and Dog were familiar. Cat especially, because of her fascinating resemblance to wilder forms of animal life, had been spurred and hunted into states of mind that haunted her by night. Here Dog was her superior. His civilization, being younger, was more adaptable. He could play at being an elephant—a wild horse or a kangaroo, and remember all the while that he was Dog. But Cat, the moment she was hunted as a jaguar, became crouching limbs and snarling heart. Her gentle character became transformed and terrified by its own secret nature.

"Dog," said his master proudly, "ain't so scary." To tell the truth, Dog reassured him, where Cat made him uneasy.

It was a particularly dark night of summer that the masters chose for spending at the shack. Acting on the principle that three are braver than two, they invited a friend, almost as near seven as themselves, to spend it with them. There would be plenty of room for three—for five, since Cat and Dog were naturally of the party.

After a day of hunting they retired to a night of exhaustion. Cat was not the only one to struggle with excited nerves before settling down to sleep. As the day turned quiet suddenly, at the approach of dusk, a strange melancholy settled upon the little party.

"It'll be dark soon," whispered one of the masters. The guest puckered his lips into a whistle. The second master rose and fumbled for matches.

As the light was lit—a tall candle in a short bottle—Dog rose to his feet with a low growl. Cat lifted her head and beat her tail slowly upon the wooden floor. But there was no sound in the jungle outside. Nevertheless, Dog sniffed suspiciously in every corner.

When bedtime arrived, the older master walked resolutely to the candle and blew it out. For a moment the silence was horrible. From one corner of the shack came a glimmer—a ghostly shining—another. The master hastily struck a match and lit the light again. He was relieved to see, in place of that dreadful glimmer, only the staring eyes of Cat.

"We'd better leave it burning," said one master carelessly. "In case anything happens we can see better."

And hours, or centuries, afterwards the masters fell asleep.

Dog fell asleep.

Cat fell asleep. To wake fitfully and stare at fear. The ancient fear of a forgotten jungle in the guise of a flickering candle flame.

Then came one moment when they woke together, Dog and Cat. What memories of forgotten torture met their stares, only an old God of the jungle remembers. But all about—in front of them overhead, rose the great light, the hissing serpent, the red flame. Quiet and asleep lay the masters. And the candle was a stream upon the floor. Only the world was burning up.

With one flame singeing his whiskers and another licking at his tail, Dog plunged heavily to his feet, hurled himself at the window and was out. It was cool outside—there was air to breathe. But where were his masters? Now that he was on familiar ground he wagged his tail and tried to remember.

But Cat had remembered even in her dreams of lives untold—dangers never spoken of. With the first blink of flame in her wise eyes, she was at the bedside of innocent human sleepers. She was clawing at the bed clothes—not enough! She was springing on a quiet chest, scratching at an upturned face. Shrinking from the flame and leaping to the next sleeper—clawing and scratching.

From dreams of claws and tigers the children woke to flames. Struggling from their cots, they picked their way to safety. Sputtering and choking, they dragged with them the trembling cat.

Outside in the shrubbery, wagging an expectant tail at the approach of the masters waited Dog.

But for once the masters were speechless.

No More Swords and Roses

(Continued from Page 137)

came the massive truck of a Kraft cheesery. It stopped at every farmhouse and, with a quickness that would have dismayed the Old South, gathered the shining cans of milk and cream awaiting it.

Instead of attempting, year after year, to raise cotton and corn on their hillside farms, these people are now going in for dairying. The women, at least, have discovered that a regular income may be derived from cows. That was impossible a few years ago. If one had an over-supply of milk, there was no market for it. And so it went to the pigs.

Here is the point I insist on making. These people, whose lives were so full of futile work and so empty of joy before industrialism came southward, now have achieved a leisure. Not much, to be sure, but as much as any one needs. After their work, they have their gardens and their flowers. Many of them own Fords and in their parlors are phonographs and radios. They are members of the Parent-Teachers' Association of the consolidated school. They subscribe for the *Ladies Home Journal* and read the latest from Ethel M. Dell and Grace S. Richmond. In other words, they have won a release from hill-billyism.

I am sure that there are many who would consider this release as bad as the listlessness of former times. Emphatically I do not. What matters the form of expression so long as life is quickened? If a second-hand Ford and a day's shopping in town are exciting events in a working life, who is to hold them in contempt? If Grace S. Richmond sends one imaginatively "dancing along the dingy days," I can see no

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harm and much good. Not for all of us, not by any means for all of the best of us, are the symphony and Miss Dickinson's "page of prancing poetry."

If the South, during the constant growth of industrialism and the discarding of old southernisms, is to accept a spiritual leadership, no matter how much she dislikes the idea, she must go to New England for it. The virile democracy and the sane idealism of the *Golden Age* alone can aid her. No other American philosophy can force her devitalizing family worship and her contempt for labor to give place to a respect for all honest and thoughtful work. With this idealism from New England, there must come the realization that, before Henry W. Grady and Sidney Lanier, with their appeals for a united country and for intellectual and aesthetic freedom, there was no voice in the South that can help her now. It might even bring the realization that the South's one contribution of great value to the world, the Negro spirituals and plantation ballads, came not from leisure and good living, but from the travail and sorrow of its slave race.

Those Inferior Foreigners

(Continued from Page 129)

same states also hold about four million Irish, the active interpenetrators among Catholic peoples in America. One and a half million Mexicans have settled in the Southwest and more are pouring in. On a lesser scale this is true of all the new immigrants.

What will happen when these humiliated nationalities begin consciously and even militantly to draw away from the Anglo-Saxon uniformity which now characterizes the old-stock Americans; when the normal urge for traditional self-expression is further stimulated by the feeling that such expression is a measure of self-defense; when the enthusiasm that ignores all failings has been completely replaced by the resentment that magnifies all weaknesses? There is, of course, not the slightest danger of national disruption. But American civilization is open to criticism and improvements. The Chinaman who described the evil effects of our environment on the younger generation in the words, "Too much goddam round little babies," may bear a hundred varied echoes of his complaint, each reflecting diverse traditions. After criticism comes change. The marked influence which the immigrants of new stock have hitherto exerted in those states where they are significant minorities will be multiplied a thousandfold if enforced through a concerted program and political action. It is not inconceivable that such states as Wisconsin and Minnesota, Massachusetts and Ohio will eventually take their distinctive character from the dominant minority within rather than from the Anglo-American majority without.

Curiously enough this emphasis on their old-world backgrounds which the new immigrants have been forced to revive through the antagonism of the masses is urged upon them by their most sympathetic friends among American leaders. In 1924 the late Charles W. Eliot declared to a second-generation group of Harvard students, "You doubtless have heard a great deal of talk in this country during the last five or six years about the assimilation of races in the United States. The fact is, and it is perfectly plain, that there has been no assimilation in the United States, and more than that, it isn't deserving that there should be any assimilation or amalgamation of races in the United States. That isn't what we need, that isn't for our best advantage in this country. What we want is numerous races with various history, with various gifts, with various abilities, living side by side in concord, not in discord, and each contributing its own peculiar quality to the mixed population."

This conception of the United States as a harmonious orchestration of nationalities, producing in concert the best cultural symphony of which mankind is capable, has much to recommend it—not the least thing being the fact that present-day mass prejudice is actually helping to make this situation possible. Nevertheless, although a supporter of the cultural pluralism theory at the beginning of this study, I must admit that the facts as I now see them cannot sustain the assumption that there has been no assimilation in America. The immigrant groups here have learned what the Pilgrim Fathers realized at Leyden, to wit: that to keep their religion, language and mode of life inviolate they must "seek out a land devoyd of all civill inhabitants." Among civilized peoples contact causes reciprocal changes. However, it seems clear to me that the process of assimilation in the United States has been arrested insofar as the element of mutual desire is capable of affecting this complicated process—whether permanently or temporarily, for better or for worse, remains to be seen. We are now experiencing a widening of the hyphen which is a distinguishing mark of every American. The point is, to paraphrase Professor Dewey, to see to it that the hyphen still connects instead of separates. Will the American masses see that point?

Carry Nation Wets

(Continued from Page 147)

try where Christianity is the predominating influence), is being determined and prolonged every day by the stupidity of those Wets who, rather than bending their efforts toward gaining the confidence of the public, seem to be attempting to scare the life out of decent-minded people by acting like insubordinate little school boys.

Hypocrisy is pretty rotten whether it is practised by Wets or Drys; but many of us have reached the place where, regardless of our beliefs and sympathies, we are more irritated by the hypocrisy of the Wets because it seems so inevitably at hand. Pretending to broad-mindedness we see them too often contemptuous of a Dry, dismissing him with a shrug as of no account. Expounding on the virtue of temperance rather than of prohibition, there is a noisy element among them which make swine of themselves and boast about it where it does them no good. And, claiming that the Drys are dull, dumb, and middle class, in ten years' time they have not, with any solidarity, agreed and concentrated upon the kind of a practical plan which has been able to fire the imagination of fair-minded nonfanatics as offering surely a better way between Volsteadism and the old-fashioned saloon.

No one knows, for a certainty, whether the prohibition laws can and will ever be changed. If we are to believe the literature of the Association against the Eighteenth Amendment, however, that Association thinks repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is possible. "This belief," they state, "is based upon a close study of conditions and reactions throughout the country." Now, if the Wets really think repeal is possible, they know it must be accomplished through swinging over to their side the influence and votes of the public which is neither fanatically wet nor dry. Incontrovertibly, the balance of power in the fight against the Eighteenth Amendment lies with the millions of Americans who are as dissatisfied with Volsteadism as they ever were with the old-fashioned saloon. This public is the "equipment" absolutely necessary for the accomplishment of repeal; and success for the Wets can be achieved in no other way than through a technique which will secure these votes. A course which antagonizes them is fatal.

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